

SEPTEMBER 11, 1978

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# TIME

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John Paul I  
Won

## Showdown at Camp David

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## A Letter from the Publisher

In Washington, Cairo and Jerusalem last week, three leaders brooded about a risky summit meeting that could bring the Middle East a little closer to peace—or set back even further the negotiating process. Yet even as Jimmy Carter, Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin prepared for Camp David, three TIME correspondents made preparations of their own. Their reports, highlighted by an interview with Begin and a background chat with Sadat, provide the key material for this week's cover story.

For Dean Fischer, who took over as TIME's Jerusalem bureau chief two months ago, the upcoming summit provides a first opportunity to travel with Israeli Premier Begin. A former TIME White House correspondent, Fischer accompanied Richard Nixon on a visit to the Middle East in 1974, only two months before the President's Watergate downfall. He helped cover the Israeli invasion of southern Lebanon last spring, then took a six-week tour of the Arab "confrontation states" to gain a balanced perspective. Of the Israelis, Fischer says: "There is a sense that the summit is occurring at a critical juncture in the Middle East peace-seeking process and that failure of the negotiations could create ominous tensions."



Fischer with Israel's Begin; Wynn with Egypt's Sadat



For Wilton Wynn, TIME's Cairo bureau chief, the meeting is another chance to renew an old acquaintanceship that dates back to 1953, when Sadat founded the government newspaper *al-Gumhuriya*. Wynn was one of the first foreign journalists to recognize Sadat as a rising star on the Egyptian horizon. Since then, Wynn has interviewed him eleven times—more than any other non-Arab print journalist. He also flew with Sadat on his "sacred mission" to Jerusalem last year, and prepared to be on the presidential plane again this week. Says Wynn: "The President's private compartment provides an excellent atmosphere for talking with him. He usually is puffing on that pipe of his, joking a bit, relaxed and amiable."

Keeping watch on Jimmy Carter's pivotal corner of this diplomatic triangle was State Department Correspondent Chris Ogden in Washington. Says Ogden: "The overall sense one gets is that the Camp David summit is a very high-stakes gamble. Some or all of the players could win big—but the odds do not favor that."

All three of these veteran observers will be at the foot of the presidential retreat in Maryland's Catoctin Mountains this week, waiting for clues as to exactly how the chips get played.

*John A. Meyers*

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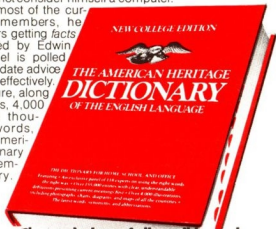
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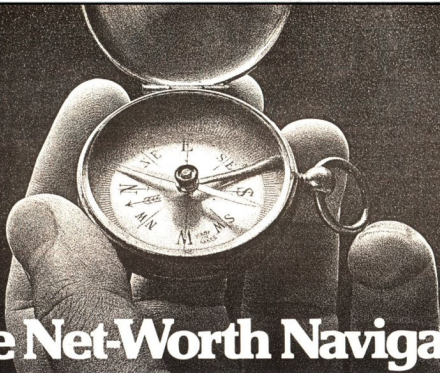
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## EASTERN



## Letters

### Picking a Pope

To the Editors:

The manner in which you tie the *Veni Creator Spiritus* with 1 Corinthians 1: 20 in your cover story "In Search of a Pope" [Aug. 21] is inspirational. I was moved each time I read that paragraph, and I read it more than once. Imagine that: the spirit speaking through TIME! I can only say amen, and amen.

(The Rev.) M. Richard Bevan  
Butler Christian Church  
Butler, Ky.

Your cover story was concise and excellent. Your concluding words, "The touch of the divine, bringing tantalizing possibilities, may once again make foolish the wisdom of the world," were literary gems in a meaningful summary. Man will always be involved in the affairs of God, but room must always be left for God to be involved in the affairs of man.

Father Raphael Kamel  
All Saints Catholic Church  
Dallas

The article on Pope Paul's funeral, his Pontificate and the Conclave was a pleasure to read. Thanks to the team that gave us such a serious and balanced report.

Patrick V. Ahern  
Auxiliary Bishop of New York

My prayer is that the new Pope identifies with the poor and oppressed of the world, so that future covers of TIME symbolizing the office will show a simple wooden cross—such as Bishop Dom Helder Câmara wears—indicating a papacy that enters into the suffering of others.

Ruth McDonough Fitzpatrick  
Fairfax, Va.

Let us pray that the next Pope has read TIME's story, in the same issue, of vacationers packing the beaches and resorts along the Mediterranean, and does an about-face regarding birth control.

Sarah J. Metivier  
Southbridge, Mass.

After reading the specifications of the ten theologians for a new Pope, I can see that the problem doesn't lie in finding a Pope to fit the Catholic religion, but in finding a religion that fits the Catholic Pope they want.

Francesca A. Larson  
Edison, N.J.

It is singularly curious and inept of TIME to select Hans Küng to comment on the qualifications for the next Pope. Küng questions the fundamental bases of the papacy—its infallibility and primacy. Küng has been judged by such a competent theologian as Karl Rahner to be little different from a liberal Protestant in numerous of his opinions about the

church. In fact, Küng has often sailed very close to objective heresy. Great choice indeed!

(The Rev.) Richard H. Trame, S.J.  
Los Angeles

### Teddy for President?

The stories on the choice of a Pope and on the presidential prospects of Ted Kennedy [Aug. 21] provide an ironic contrast. For Pope, there is a bewildering array of choices of men of proven ability and unblemished record, so that it is hard to pick a front runner. But for President, there seem to be few options. Ted Kennedy appears to be far and away the front runner. Yet he has little or no executive or military experience. His best friends would not maintain that he is of outstanding intellect or character, and his blemished past is a source of nagging doubt. Is there something wrong with our way of picking a President?

Lawrence Cranberg  
Austin, Texas

I will be overjoyed when (and if) the people of this country begin to realize that there is nothing mystical or omnipotent about Ted Kennedy. He is just one of the run-of-the-mill liberal Democrats who want to spend taxpayer money with big, useless Government programs. If we think taxes are bad now, just wait till we get a national health plan.

Linda W. Atcheson  
San Francisco

If the way Mr. Kennedy handles his personal life is any indication how he plans to run the country, I think he had best forget it—even if his name is Kennedy.

Linda Wilson  
Trumbull, Conn.

Kennedy can give us what we need most, inspirational leadership.

Mrs. James Kalback  
Pittsburgh

### What's in a Name?

Frankly, I really enjoyed Trippett-ing through the TIME Essay, "The Game of the Name" [Aug. 14]. After all, what's in a name?

David L. Boone  
Norfolk, Va.

After being born into a family whose last name began with a Z and growing up in a generation where alphabetically was the only way to go, I would be the last to resist taking my husband's surname. I am, happily.

(Mrs.) Jean Blair  
Carlisle, Me.

Jews sometimes use a name change when a child is very sick in order to foil death. Chaim, meaning life, is often cho-

sen as the new first name, so that when death comes looking for the child, it will not find him.

(Mrs.) Ann Isaacson  
New York City

In Brazil, babies' names became so ridiculous that the government forbade any that could harm the child. Before the law you could find people with names like Umidoistrês de Oliveira Quatro, meaning, One-two-three de Oliveira Four, and Rolando pela Escada a Baixo de Almeida, meaning, Rolling Down the Stairs de Almeida. A notary recently refused to register babies with the names Esquisofrênico, Hexagonal, Pugnacious, etc.

Rodolfo Lima Martensen  
São Paulo

### Not So New Elite

Beware of your cornucopia, young America. It is frightening to see that the "New Elite" [Aug. 21] have developed such a callous attitude toward savings and planning for the future. These individuals seem to think that they are something new and unique to this country. Unfortunately they are merely a repeat performance of an overextended, spendthrift, pre-Depression America. They are naive to think that the rug can't be pulled from under their utopia via a recession, job layoffs or a death in the family. What these "college graduates" need is to recognize that today's new elite can also become tomorrow's newly impoverished.

Y. Paul Gee  
Austin, Texas

Dedicated to our careers, we made the decision to opt for the no-child career-play life-style eleven years ago when we married, and backed it up with a vasectomy. What could be more apropos in this world of scarcities and overpopulation?

Stanley and Carolyn Rocklin  
Grand Junction, Colo.

After eight years, my wife has just retired from her profession in order to raise a family. Before TIME arrived, we thought of ourselves as a more or less average middle-income family. How future shocking it was to learn that we had given up our membership in the new elite and joined the new poor before we realized either existed.

Peter D. Solymos  
York, Pa.

### Lamponing Sex

So, *Animal House*'s "filthy, outrageous lot" [Aug. 14] are the perfect portrait of "the true spirit of American higher education"! Well, well. Wherever Frank Rich attended college, he is certainly not qualified to condemn the entire American system of higher education on the basis of his own limited experience. Perhaps he went to college "to spend four years

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Boisterous birds with taunting calls.  
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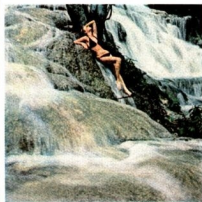
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## Letters

studying sex," but there is no justification for dragging the entire undergraduate world down to that level.

*Lisa M. Schnellinger  
Sandusky, Ohio*

As a '78 graduate of a small, fraternity-sorority-oriented college (Marietta College), I want to thank the people at *National Lampoon* for creating *Animal House* and thus providing me with a visual-aid supplement to my overly ambiguous résumé. They captured on film what I couldn't on paper.

*Richard G. Trachtenburg  
Avon, Conn.*

Rich completely missed the boat on John Belushi; "fat comic actor" indeed! Jackie Gleason is a fat comic. Belushi is a brilliant Marlon Brando type who may-be needs to lose 20 lbs. There's a significant—and very sexy—distinction!

*Joanne Pytlík  
Louise Lacey  
Kentfield, Calif.*

### Carter's Tobacco Row

"The Politics of Tobacco" [Aug. 21] is a prime example of the non-leadership Jimmy Carter brings to the U.S. While he's off courting votes among the North Carolina tobacco farmers and claiming

back in Washington that his Administration is behind preventive medicine, millions of cigarette smokers are puffing their way to the grave.

*Fred Price  
Houston*

By highlighting the negative aspects of cigarette smoking through the HEW campaign and the positive aspects of tobacco farming during his North Carolina trip, the President has contributed to the national debate on this issue. Though Hugh Sidey may be confused by these activities, President Carter has walked a fine but reasonable line of tobacco politics.

*David Grim  
Reston, Va.*

### Yates' Cautionary Nerve

John Skow, you say that Dick Yates' new novel *A Good School* [Aug. 21] is first-rate, acute and impeccable and then slap him down somewhat scornfully at the end. You say his work comes close to fear, whatever that's supposed to say as a literary evaluation. I would have thought you'd applaud that cautionary nerve in Yates when we have so many books so bravely fearless and forgotten. Fear is a quality to be admired in a writer of Yates' integrity. If he has fear, how can the rest of us afford not to have it? A Teddy Roo-

sevelt is one thing and a dedicated, comparatively impersonal artist like Yates another.

*Seymour Krim  
New York City*

### New York's Seductive Charm

As a Texan who spent the summer studying there, I found your article on New York [Aug. 21] exhilarating. It touched me and, oddly, left me with a feeling of pride for a city that isn't, by birth, mine. That, perhaps, is New York's most seductive charm: in one way or another, it belongs to anyone who wishes to claim it.

*Douglas McGrath  
Midland, Texas*

So New York has bounced back. So what? One week I read where New Yorkers have to clean up after their dogs, and the next week they're all wearing I LOVE NEW YORK T shirts. I wish your editors would quit scheduling stories about their neighborhood. How many readers really care about the Big Apple anyway?

*Carl Briggs  
Tempe, Ariz.*

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**FLAIR!**



Complete with Miss California crown and smile, Christine Acton stands for a snapshot by Elsa Clark, a friend and fellow flautist

## American Scene

# In California: Practicing "Swimsuit" for Atlantic City

On the Betamax a replay of her first triumph unwinds in glorious technicolor. The camera zooms in on pink fingernails fluttering near pale skin as her face crumples with joy and disbelief. The weepy, departing queen struggles to fix the crown on her successor's head. As a recorded chorus serenades, "She's a miracle, she could be Miss America . . . the one that we ado-o-o-re," the winner grips her scepter and hurtles toward the runway at the Santa Cruz Civic Auditorium.

All that happened back on June 24. Watching it again only a week before she will have to knock 'em dead at the final contest in Atlantic City, Christine Louise Acton has to laugh. But nervously. She is 23. On June 24 she struck a bargain with the Miss America Pageant system. She accepted a job as Miss California, 1978. She knew it would take up most of her time, patience, energy and privacy for a whole year. In return for a chunk of the \$1 million plus in scholarship money given by Gillette, Kellogg, Campbell Soup and other companies, she would dutifully work for the greater glory of the Golden State as a sublime slice of American Pie.

And here she is with three members of California's Miss America or Bust Committee: Charles Grebmeier, 37, Cindy Walker, 42, and Charlotte Randolph, 55. Christine is the product. The other three are packagers. All four watch the rerun exactly the way football teams watch movies of last week's game, to note mistakes, to improve performance. Says Christine when the film is over: "It's a good thing I'm getting a new talent gown. That one is too tight in the rear end."

"We don't want to make her over," Cindy, executive director of Miss California, observes. But the relentless aim of the

group is to help Christine acquire what the judges' guide describes as "the necessary beauty and wholesomeness to appeal to the American public." The variables considered include talent, hair, makeup, gowns, poise and walk, and conversation. The Betamax affirms that where talent is concerned, Christine should have the contest pretty well sewed up. Her rendering of Bartok's *Hungarian Peasant Songs* on the flute is professional, pure and austere when compared with the frothier offerings of other contestants. But in many ways she is like a whole new breed of Miss America aspirants, far from a beauty-queen type. Tall and girl-next-door pretty, she is a pale brunette who in no way resembles the blonde, golden-bronzed California beauties of imagination. Says a friend: "She'd look ridiculous beside a surfboard." She hates makeup and the whole virginal cult of the body beautiful that underlies Miss America.

Christine is long past her "hippie stage." At the University of Redlands, where she studied history and music, she was rushed by a sorority that plundered fraternity houses for jockey shorts. But she ducked the sisterhood in favor of serious music and a semester studying in Salzburg. She frankly sees the exposure of Miss America as a means of deliverance from the grueling jobs that helped her work her way through school. "I want to be with a major symphony," Christine declares. "Cocktail waitressing isn't going to get me there."

Ever since the women's movement began sneering at Miss America, the pageant has been nervous, trying to keep traditionalists content while courting the interest of modern young women. Some ambiguity is inevitable. Christine is liber-

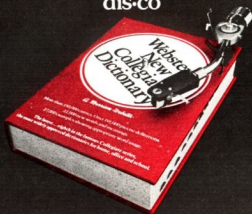
ated by any standard, adamant that the public perceive her as a "woman who can take care of herself." When a reporter asks for her vital statistics, she looks him square in the eye and says, "I don't know." But she slips into the word "girls" when lapsing into pageant talk. And she will not comment on the Equal Rights Amendment because, she says, she does not feel well enough informed.

And so the training goes through weeks of sometimes tearful self-improvement and self-display. There are trips to Palo Alto to work with her orchestrator. Hairdresser John Bettiol works over her for hours, striving for that perfect balance between wholesomeness and sophistication. He coaxes Christine's permed frizz into a *Cosmo*-mane of curls, daubing her face with goo and powder. Sneaking a peek in the mirror, she is agast. Her mouth is caked in red sludge. "It should have blood dripping from it," she jokes. The photographer is unimpressed. What Christine hates most is the fake eyelashes.

Classes in San Francisco's House of Charm are scheduled. An eye makeup coach strokes a ghoulish green ring around the candidate's left eye. Christine tries to match it on the right one. Only now and then does she rebel. "I got so mad at my eyelashes yesterday," she declares, "I flushed them down the toilet."

There is also runway walking. Christine's arms must not swing too much, a habit acquired "from all those years playing flute in high school marching bands." The judges, she learns, may frown on her droopy right shoulder. At J.C. Penney's, Christine makes for the dressing room with a slinky green gown. She beck-

dis-co



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## American Scene

ons Charlotte for a second opinion, her expression uncertain, one arm modestly shielding the bodice. “My mom used to buy me bras that were too big,” she mourns. “She said I’d grow into them. I didn’t.”

That would once have been a problem. But now the Miss America Pageant, Inc., officially discourages a va-va-va-voom image. The long strut past the judges in abbreviated beach costume is primarily referred to as “swimsuit.” But it still counts for one-sixth of the total points in the contest. And Christine will still have to put on a highly structured coral-hued number and parade in high heels before a fully clothed audience and a panel of judges. “I always said I’d never do it,” she admits, “but it’s really no big deal.”

Slender and firm at 5 ft. 7 in., she has no worries about bowlegs or “fanny overhang,” the bane of many bathing beauties past. In fact, quite another sort of disaster threatens. She does not eat. She cannot sleep. And she loses a crucial 15 lbs. What to do? More sleep is Charlotte’s prescription. But the answer to Christine’s problem lies in another notorious nemesis of Miss America girls, her love life. Then she gets a few long and understanding letters from her boyfriend, a second-year man at U.S.C. Medical School whose support of her Miss America effort is important to Christine. Miracle. She eats. She begins to look more like Miss California again.

**B**y now Charles has headed off for Atlantic City, where he will harness his zeal by acting as associate producer of the Miss America Pageant. An interior designer by profession, he is one of 250,000 people who work hard for the system each year without pay. “Just say the pageant is my golf game,” explains Charles when asked why he does it. From Atlantic City, too, comes intriguing word about some of the other contestants. Miss Mississippi, Christine learns, was a twirler in her band at “Ole Miss” and a fraternity sweetheart, and is the proud owner of a poodle named Po-Co who is her jogging mate.

Wardrobe has all been laid out and labeled for each step she takes in Atlantic City. Christine has chosen to play not only the Bartok but also John Philip Sousa’s *Stars and Stripes Forever* on the piccolo. “Bartok and Sousa would roll in their graves,” Christine grins. But she wants to play the piccolo on TV in hopes of winning a piccolo seat with a symphony.

Half of America may write at the very mention of Miss America. But Christine knows that the other half will be watching her on TV that night, pleased by a familiar drama with its comforting suggestion, not entirely buried in unspoken sex and overt commerce, of a continual cycle of nurturing, of youth pliable and respectful, learning something, at least, from previous generations. The phone rings. It is Charles from Atlantic City. “Have you got your eyelashes on?” he asks.

— Nancy Griffin

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# Nation

TIME/SEPT. 11, 1978

COVER STORY

## Meeting At Camp David

*Carter seeks chemistry to unite Begin, Sadat*

**C**onsidering the critical importance of the meeting confronting them, the three leaders seemed remarkably nonchalant. Jimmy Carter spent pleasant hours fishing in Wyoming, and Anwar Sadat went swimming in the Suez Canal. Though Menachem Begin stayed behind his desk in Jerusalem, he was working no more than his normal rigorous schedule. All this seemed a strange way for the leaders of the U.S., Egypt and Israel to prepare for the momentous summit conference that convenes this week at Camp David, the secluded presidential retreat in the Maryland hills. Observed one astonished diplomat involved in planning the meeting: "I expected frantic activity these weeks. But so far nothing's happening."

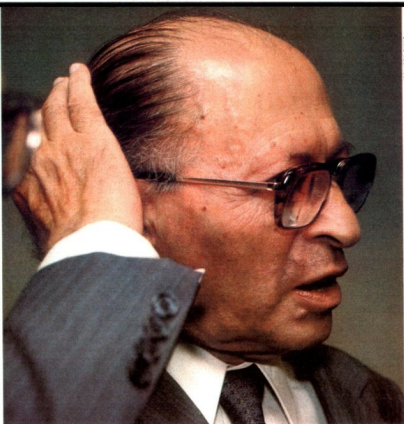
Despite the outward calm, the staffs of the three leaders have been busily working over the issues and options in the Middle East and preparing position papers for their bosses. By week's end Carter had received two black loose-leaf

notebooks from his team of experts. They outlined, among other things, what would be "acceptable minimum" and "practical maximum" results on a wide range of problems. Begin's staff, meanwhile, had given him a pale blue folder titled "Possibilities and Recommendations," containing 70 pages of charts, documents and official statements on the Arab-Israeli conflict. And Sadat had been handed a sheaf of working papers drafted by his own special task force. The participants, moreover, are hardly strangers. Sadat and Begin have conferred twice;

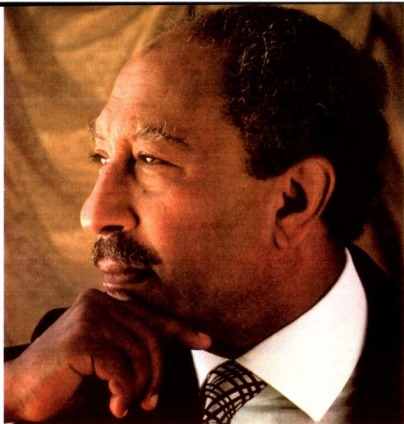
Carter has met Begin four times and Sadat thrice.

Still, there is an unsettling feeling that the Camp David summit has been somewhat ill prepared for. It is usually a firm rule of summits that the participants arrive with a fairly clear idea of the outcome. Mostly, they ratify agreements that have already been worked out in intense negotiations by lower-level officials. Often even the concluding communiqués are drafted before the parties formally take their seats. This tradition is designed to avoid the dangers of high-level misunderstandings and wounded national pride. But Camp David is unique; a high U.S. official calls it a "virginal experience." It is convening with very little joint preparation and no preliminary agreement. It lacks even a detailed agenda. Instead, as one of the participants remarked, "we're banking a great deal on chemistry leading to an evolution in the discussion."

This is risky, but perhaps inescapable—in view of the alternatives. Jimmy Carter last month called the conference only when he became convinced that the Middle East peace initiative, dramatized last November by Sadat's "sacred mission" to Jerusalem, was grinding to a dangerous halt, and that conventional diplomacy had found no way to renew it. And in the Middle East, stalemate generally contains the danger of increased terrorism or, ultimately, another war. Sadat has even hinted at October as a deadline when he would cancel the Sinai Disengagement Agreement unless there is some sign of progress toward peace. By promising to



Jimmy Carter in the Oval Office before his meetings with Sadat and Begin



BY MICHAEL FORD

promises too, of course, but the Egyptians are pinning their hopes on the perhaps illusory belief that Carter can influence Begin to change his course. Warned one of them: "If the U.S. is ever going to use its power to get a Middle East peace, there is no better time."

It would be hard to imagine a conference site more remote from the tensions of the Middle East than Camp David, a 143-acre aerie perched atop a 1,880-ft. hill in Maryland's Catoctin Mountain, 75 miles northwest of the capital. Franklin Roosevelt was so fond of sneaking off to his hideaway that he called it Shangri-La. There he and Winston Churchill planned D-day. Dwight Eisenhower changed the name of the retreat to that of his grandson David, and the new name later became synonymous with a thawing of the cold war. "The spirit of Camp David" derived from the 1959 summit conference between Eisenhower and the Soviets' Nikita Khrushchev. In all, 20 leaders of foreign countries have stayed there.

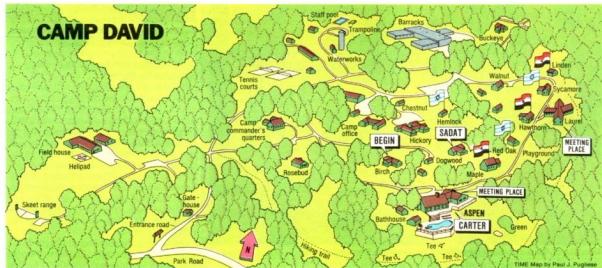
**T**he retreat provides the privacy and intimacy that Carter seeks for the summit, especially if the "chemistry" is going to work. The camp is sealed off from the rest of the world by a fence topped with a double strand of barbed wire, and guarded this week not only by the usual contingent of Marines, but also by a squadron of U.S., Israeli and Egyptian special agents armed with submachine guns, shotguns and pistols.

The press is barred, except for a small pool that records the arrivals of the participants and some minor activities. The leaders are thus spared any barrage of questions. By general agreement, White House Press Secretary Jody Powell will handle the daily briefings, either at the White House or at the makeshift press center inside an American Legion hall in Thurmont, Md., the town closest to Camp David. But on some issues he may

make the U.S. a "full partner" in the talks rather than simply a disinterested mediator. Carter determined to try to rescue the peace process by substituting his own initiative for Sadat's. The President has admitted that this "is a very high-risk thing for me politically." Indeed, no previous American President has assumed such a direct personal responsibility for resolving the Arab-Israeli dispute, which has erupted in four wars and taken 39,000 lives in the past three decades.

U.S. officials have tried, as usual, to prevent any exaggerated expectations of

the outcome at Camp David. Said one: "There is no magic formula. On the basic questions, nothing has changed. There'll be no *deus ex machina* coming up with a great plan." In fact, even a modest success is far from assured. It will depend in large part on the stern and cantankerous figure of Menachem Begin—and on whether any mixture of pressure and persuasion can induce the onetime guerrilla fighter to lessen his intransigency and make at least some concessions for the sake of a settlement. The temperamental Sadat will have to make com-



TIME Map by Paul J. Pugliese

## Nation



Palestinian children crowded into Derah Refugee Camp in Syria

"Self-determination for Palestinians," said Dayan, "means destruction of Israel."

be joined by his Egyptian and Israeli counterparts.

Administration aides hope that the camp's facilities will encourage informal mixing. The presidential retreat offers tennis courts, a one-hole golf course, a bowling alley and a heated swimming pool. It is difficult to imagine Begin or Sadat working off tensions on the trampoline, but they may take to the nature trail that winds through the thick woods. For evening entertainment, Carter enjoys showing movies to his guests in Hickory Lodge, and both the Egyptians and the Is-

raelis have expressed interest in westerns. (White House aides were joking last week that both would like to see *How the West Bank Was Won*.)

Begin and Sadat arrive separately at Camp David this Tuesday. The Egyptian President is arriving from Paris, where he was to meet with French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to discuss the summit's prospects. At Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington, he will probably be greeted by Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, who will escort him to the presidential helicopter for a 35-min. flight to

Camp David's helipad. Vance is expected to remain at Andrews to meet Begin, who is due 90 min. later from New York City, where he was scheduled to spend two days resting and meeting with American Jewish leaders.

Carter himself will occupy the plush Aspen Lodge, which was extravagantly refurbished by Richard Nixon. Begin will stay in Birch house and Sadat in Dogwood, both located about 50 yds. from Aspen Lodge. The guests' "cabins" are similar, each with two large bedrooms, two bathrooms and a large sitting room with a fireplace. Cooks at Aspen Lodge are on 24-hr. call to prepare any dish the guests order, and they have a list of the two visitors' gastronomic favorites. Sadat, nonetheless, is bringing his own chef; the Egyptian leader is a health buff who care-



Soldiers guard Israeli West Bank settlement

"Contrary to law," said Vance.

fully watches his diet. Kosher meals are available for Begin.

Some of the negotiating will take place in armchairs around the huge central fireplace in Aspen Lodge, where Nixon spent agonizing hours trying to construct a Watergate defense. Other sessions will be held less than a quarter mile up the road in Laurel Lodge, where the rectangular conference table has been replaced by a circular one. For these enlarged conferences, Vance, Vice President Walter Mondale, National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski and other key officials will be available, as will the top aides of the two other leaders.

Carter is expected to chat with Begin and Sadat separately Tuesday evening and again Wednesday morning. The first



American civilians manning a surveillance station in the Sinal buffer zone

"We agree," said Sadat, "to any guarantees you accept."

time the three leaders sit down together is likely to be Wednesday afternoon. U.S. officials originally figured that the summit, though open-ended, would last only two or three days and conclude by this weekend. Now they think it may run at least through the weekend and possibly a full week.

The talks will not be slowed by the need for translation. Begin and Sadat speak excellent English. But one problem, in this gathering of a Muslim, Jew and Christian, is that their Sabbaths occur on different days—Friday, Saturday and Sunday respectively. This cuts considerably into negotiating time. While Carter will be ready to resume his diplomatic labors after Sunday-morning church services, Begin will not participate in talks

from sundown Friday through sundown Saturday. It is uncertain how Sadat will observe his Sabbath, but White House officials hope he does not want to go into Washington to pray at the Islamic Center Mosque near the Egyptian embassy. Admitted an Administration official: "We want everybody to stay up there in the hills. We don't want any circus."

Carter invited Sadat and Begin up to the hills to revive the peace process. What, then, had gone wrong with Sadat's sacred mission? Many observers answer in one word: Begin. Warns a senior British diplomat: "Frankly, there's no chance of a Middle East peace as long as Begin remains Premier of Israel."

This may be something of an exaggeration, for Sadat has also dug in his

heels and twice refused to continue talks. But Begin does seem to bear by far the greatest responsibility for the current impasse. Many U.S. officials feel that the Israeli leader does not really want peace on anything but his own terms. Perhaps it would be more fair to say that Begin considers his terms essential to Israel's survival and Israel's future—even more essential, indeed, than a peace treaty.

Sadat made an important concession to the Israelis by journeying to Jerusalem, saluting the Israeli flag and battle banners, standing before the assembled Knesset and declaring on behalf of his fellow Egyptians: "We welcome you among us with full security and safety... We accept to live with you in a permanent peace." That was tantamount to Egypt-

## "The Mood Is Strong"

**O**n one wall hangs a portrait of Theodor Herzl, founding father of Zionism; near by hangs Ze'ev Jabotinsky, a leading proponent of Eretz Israel (the biblical land of Israel) and mentor of Menachem Begin. Tieless and in shirtsleeves, the Israeli Premier seemed relaxed and reflective as he spoke last week with TIME Correspondent Dean Fischer. Excerpts:

**On his expectations for Camp David:** I am hopeful that we will agree to serious negotiations at Camp David, and that there will be no abrupt interruptions. When you consider that the United States negotiated the Panama Canal Treaty for 14 years, it is realistic to expect that negotiations on the Middle East will take a while. I am not talking of years but of months—months of intensive negotiations. By this I mean our people should sit together five days a week. It will be necessary to have such serious discussions in order to bring about peace. We shall certainly do our best at Camp David to achieve it.

**On Israel's mood:** The mood of the country is strong. The government has the support of the Israeli people. In parliament we have a very large majority. Of course, there are differences of opinion, but we shall be leaving for Camp David with the full support of a democratic country.

**On his personal relations with Carter and Sadat:** Personal relationships are quite important, and as far as President Carter is concerned, I think we established relationships of friendship. Since I first met him last July, we have exchanged between 25 and 30 personal messages. We had phone calls, we had long meetings together, and this last handwritten message, which Secretary of State Vance brought to me, is really written in warm terms of friendship, which is mutual.

During my first meeting with President Sadat in Jerusalem, a very warm personal relationship was established between us. When we had our personal talk at the King David Hotel, he volunteered the statement: "You are my friend." Later on there came a metamorphosis and there was some bitter name-calling in Egypt. As far as I am concerned, I didn't reply in kind because I don't think name-calling solves any problems. However, when I meet President Sadat under the sponsorship of President Carter, I will say to him, "Mr. President, at Jerusalem and Ismailia, you told me you are my friend. Then there was a difficult period of relations between us. But I remember your statement, and I reciprocate it in my heart. Therefore, I suggest to you, 'Let us be friends.'"

DAVID RUBINER

**On the Soviet threat:** I shall be going to Camp David determined to reach an agreement. Such an agreement would be good for Israel and for Egypt, and for peace, which is our innermost striving. But there is also another reason why I wish the meeting to succeed. And that is the international prestige of the President of the United States. We in Israel are an integral part of the free world, and the free world is under constant onslaught. You can see what is happening around us. Aden, Southern Yemen, Ethiopia, Angola, Mozambique—all these countries were actually taken over by the Soviet Union. There is a plan in Moscow to take over country after country, usually by proxy.

The whole free world is in danger. We are an integral part of it and we are interested in keeping liberty alive. From this point of view, the prestige of the President of the United States is very important to us. Therefore we would like to see this present situation enhanced. This is one of the reasons why Israel is vitally interested in success at Camp David. As far as I know, President Sadat also is perturbed by these events, worried by them. Perhaps from this, too, we may find a common language.



Israel's Menachem Begin leaving his Jerusalem office

"I will say to Sadat... 'Let us be friends.'"

## Nation

tian recognition of Israel, which Israel has long demanded as a condition for reaching a settlement.

Begin's responses, however, have often seemed inadequate and at times rude. Speaking in January at a Jerusalem banquet for Egyptian Foreign Minister Mohammed Ibrahim Kamel, for example, Begin patronizingly referred to his guest as a "young man" who failed to understand the supposed parallel between the Palestinian desire for a homeland on the West Bank and the Nazis' claim to the Sudetenland. Later he brusquely dismissed the significance of Sadat's visit to Jerusalem by asserting: "We have existed, my dear Egyptian friends, without your recognition for 3,700 years. We never asked your President or government to recognize our right to exist."

at the end of the plan's five-year transition period. Jerusalem's vaguely worded reply merely promised that Israel would be willing to negotiate "the nature of the future relations between the parties" after the transition.

Israel's refusal to commit itself to eventual Arab sovereignty over the territories angered the Carter Administration and convinced a number of key U.S. officials that Begin was repudiating the professed willingness of past Israeli leaders to withdraw from at least major portions of the West Bank in accordance with U.N. Security Council Resolution 242, adopted in 1967.

By this spring, the old bitterness again inflamed relations between Egypt and Israel. Sadat did not help matters when he tried, unsuccessfully, to erode Begin's sup-

radical demands for action; it is even possible that the Egyptian might be toppled or killed. And so Carter decided to gamble on a summit. Explains a top State Department aide: "We had to keep the momentum going to keep the moderates in."

The main issues still dividing Israel and Egypt are substantial. That is apparent in the differing proposals that each country has made in the past year (see box). Both Begin and Sadat declared on the eve of Camp David that they would stick by these proposals. Although the U.S. does not anticipate much flexibility in either side's opening position, it certainly hopes they will modify their views on some key points.

One of the easiest such points, perhaps, is the Sinai. Israel is prepared to let nearly all the area revert to Egypt, though it claims the right to maintain two military bases and several civilian settlements there. But even on this relatively simple matter, Sadat insists that he cannot sign a bilateral agreement with Jerusalem. He wants to link a Sinai accord with at least some progress (from the Arab viewpoint) on other fronts. By this he hopes to avoid charges that he is betraying the interests of other Arabs for the sake of a deal with Israel. Sadat thus has been trying to get Begin to accept a declaration of principles that at least sketches the framework of an ultimate peace settlement in Gaza and the West Bank. Their inability to agree on such a declaration was the main reason for the failure of last December's Sadat-Begin summit at Ismailia.

**S**adat sees the declaration of principles as an essential step toward an eventual Israeli withdrawal from the occupied territories, because the declaration would, in effect, affirm Arab sovereignty over the lands. He said to the Knesset, "Our land does not yield itself to bargaining... We insist on complete withdrawal from these territories."

Begin, who repeatedly professes his willingness to negotiate about anything, has proved very elusive about any acknowledgement of Arab sovereignty over the West Bank. The only "concession" Israel has granted came at the Leeds Castle meeting. Instead of merely being willing to negotiate "the nature of the future relations" after a five-year transition period, Dayan said there, Israel would be prepared to discuss "the question of sovereignty." This minute change of nuance satisfied neither the U.S. nor Egypt. Sadat had by then concluded that Begin had no intention of signing a peace agreement and was determined to keep the Arab lands as part of "a greater Israel."

Israel understandably does not want to give up territory that it feels it needs for security. But the U.S. has long argued that it should be possible to satisfy Israel's security requirements without a



The tree-lined approach to Aspen Lodge, the plush presidential "cabin" at Camp David

Movies, swimming, tennis and even a trampoline to help relax after a hard day.

The Israeli government, moreover, has pushed ahead with the establishment or expansion of its controversial settlements in the occupied territories, even though previous Israeli governments had acknowledged that most of these territories would have to be returned to Arab rule. Carter sent Begin three messages expressing his personal concern about the Israeli moves, and Secretary of State Vance stated that the Israeli settlements "are contrary to international law."

**B**ut Begin denied all suggestions that he was being belligerent. On the contrary, last December he submitted to the U.S. and Egypt a 26-point peace plan for the West Bank and Gaza, together with a promise at least to return the Sinai to Egyptian sovereignty. Washington judged the plan "a fair basis for negotiation," but did not fully endorse it. Instead, Carter asked the Israelis to explain what status they envisioned for the West Bank and Gaza

port inside Israel by meeting in Austria with Israeli Defense Minister Ezer Weizman, a Begin rival, and Opposition Labor Party leader Shimon Peres. The Egyptian President also began sniping at his Israeli counterpart, asserting: "It is possible to establish peace in hours. The only obstacle is Mr. Begin."

In July there seemed to be some progress in Vance's talks with Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and Egypt's Kamel at Leeds Castle in England. Then Sadat shook Washington by expelling the Israeli military mission from Egypt and stating that there could be no further talks with the Israelis until they agreed to evacuate all Arab territory.

The U.S. publicly criticized Sadat, saying that it was "very disappointed" by his action. The Israelis gloated that Sadat's moves showed that it was he and not Begin who was blocking a peace. The Administration disagreed. But it also worried lest the deadlock make Sadat and other Arab moderates vulnerable to

full-scale Israeli occupation of Arab territories. And Sadat, for one, told the Knesset: "We agree to any guarantees you accept." Egyptian officials have indicated that they would even be willing to permit some kind of Israeli military presence on the West Bank for a limited time (perhaps up to ten years), if it did not undermine the principle of Arab sovereignty. Last week, moreover, U.S. officials let it be known that Washington might be willing to consider establishing bases and stationing U.S. troops as a safeguard in the area. Begin rejected the idea. Said he: "We do not want any United States troops or United Nations troops, because we ourselves will protect our own people."

There are suspicions, however, that security is no longer Israel's sole reason for trying to hold on to the lands it conquered eleven years ago. The fiercely devout Begin has introduced a troubling religious factor into the argument by maintaining that events related in the Old Testament give Israel a historic claim to the West Bank. He even insists on calling the region by its Biblical names of Samaria and Judea. He declared to the Knesset: "We did not take strange land; we returned to our homeland. The tie between our nation and this land is eternal."

Linked closely with West Bank sovereignty is the issue of the Palestinians' right to self-rule. Israel is adamantly opposed to an independent Palestinian state on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip, and so it objects to unrestricted self-determination for residents of these areas. Israelis fear that a Palestinian state would be controlled by the Palestine Liberation Organization, a group that not only commits acts of terror but also is on record as calling for the destruction of Israel. Says Dayan: "Self-determination for the Palestinians means for us the destruction of the state of Israel in stages."

**E**gypt and the U.S. may not be very far from the basic Israeli position. Washington and Cairo insist that the Palestinians have "legitimate rights"—something Jerusalem has yet to accept—but neither Sadat nor Carter is enthusiastic about creating an independent state that would be politically, militarily and economically unstable. When the two leaders met last January in Aswan, Carter merely stated that the Palestinians should "participate in the determination of their own future." Sadat later approved this notion, which falls far short of self-rule. An Israeli-Egyptian compromise on this issue is therefore possible.

This summit meeting may be the most trying test Carter has had of his ability as a negotiator and reconciler. Sitting on the porch of Aspen Lodge, overlooking the pool, he will try to dispel the suspicions and antagonisms that have built up between Sadat and Begin. Said one top Administration official: "It's not so mechanical as in a strategic negotiating ses-

## Rival Peace Proposals

### Definition of Peace

**Egypt** Normal diplomatic, commercial and cultural relations, with relatively free movement across borders.

**Israel** Fundamentally identical to the Egyptian proposal.

### Territorial Changes

**Egypt** Except for minor border modifications, Israel must give up all Arab lands conquered during the 1967 war—Sinai, the Gaza Strip, the Golan Heights, the West Bank and East Jerusalem.

**Israel** It will give up some of these territories.

### How Long a Transition for the West Bank and Gaza Strip

**Egypt** Five years.

**Israel** Five years.

### Israel's Role During the Transition

**Egypt** The Israeli military government "will be abolished at the outset of the transitional period" and Israel will start dismantling its military installations. Egypt is prepared to consider a joint Israeli-Egyptian-Jordanian supervisory council.

**Israel** Although the Israeli military would gradually be phased out, the "right and claim of sovereignty" would remain with Israel. It would be responsible for "security and public order" and thus would continue to maintain some security presence. Supervisory authority would be given to a committee composed of Israel, Jordan and representatives of the area's Palestinian residents, but Israel would retain a veto.

### Role of the West Bank and Gaza Palestinians During the Transition

**Egypt** They would elect representatives to an assembly which would provide for law and order and administer political, economic and social services.

**Israel** They would have "administrative autonomy" exercised through an elected "administrative council." It would govern the affairs only of the "Arab residents" in such fields as education, religion, transportation, commerce, health and social welfare. It would also organize a local police force and law courts, but presumably subject to Israeli veto.

### Israel's Role After the Transition

**Egypt** None.

**Israel** To be negotiated in five years.

### Role of the Palestinians After the Transition

**Egypt** At this time "the Palestinian people will be able to determine their own future." A separate Palestinian state is not specifically advocated, however, nor is any role for the Palestine Liberation Organization.

**Israel** All discussion of the long-range role of the "Arab residents" of the area and their possible claim to sovereignty should be completely postponed until after the transition. The word "Palestinian" is avoided.

### Fate of the Israeli Settlements

**Egypt** The complete Israeli withdrawal "applies to the settlements established in the occupied territories."

**Israel** The settlements would remain and others could be built because Israelis "will be entitled to acquire land and settle in the areas."

### Future of East Jerusalem

**Egypt** Israel will withdraw from East Jerusalem.

**Israel** The city is to remain unified under Israeli control, but "members of all faiths" will be guaranteed "freedom of access to shrines holy to them."

### Treatment of Palestinian Refugees

**Egypt** Once some kind of Palestinian entity is created, it would have the right to issue passports to Palestinians everywhere. There would be some regulation, however, of the pace at which the refugees would be allowed to return to the West Bank. But most of the refugees are expected to remain where they now are.

**Israel** Guidelines regulating the migration of "Arab refugees in reasonable numbers" to the West Bank and Gaza will be set by the unanimous decision of the Arab-Israeli administrative council.

### Guarantees of Israeli Security

**Egypt** Because of the "legitimate security concerns" of all parties, there will be "mutual security arrangements during and following the transitional period." Egypt and Jordan will guarantee that the authorities in the West Bank and Gaza respect these provisions.

**Israel** Because of its unwillingness to rely on the assurances of others, Israel insists that "security will be the responsibility of the Israeli authorities."

## Nation



Discussing the summit over lunch. From left: Vance, Carter, Mondale and other top aides  
*"We want everybody to stay up there in the hills. We don't want any circus."*

sion. A lot stems from human qualities and reactions. The introduction of ideas depends on intuitive insight."

Carter will need all the intuition he can muster to smooth over the sharp and often irritating personal differences of his two visitors. Sadat is an emotional and visionary leader who at times sounds so mystical that Israelis snidely refer to him as sitting upon "his pharaonic throne." Preferring to deal in broad strokes and principles, Sadat quickly tires of the legalistic details that are often essential to translate a belief into a program. The Israeli Premier is no less visionary, but he is also a product of the Talmudic tradition. He almost seems to revel in analytical disputations about minutiae.

Not surprisingly, Begin and Sadat did not really hit it off well during their meetings in Jerusalem and Ismailia. They certainly tried to be as friendly as possible; in Ismailia, for example, Sadat even got behind the wheel of a car and personally drove Begin around the city, pointing out sights. But despite the efforts, the two have had great difficulty communicating. Their misunderstanding of each other's statements on such issues as the status of Israeli troops and settlements in the Sinai has led to bitter recriminations.

Because of this, Carter plans to be present for all sessions between the two, although he certainly will not object if they want to meet privately. Said one U.S. diplomat: "They can be awfully antagonistic when they're alone together. They've talked without note takers and there's been tremendous confusion and misunderstanding later about what was said and who meant what. We hope we can avoid a repeat of this by channeling all direct contact through Carter." One

problem is that while Carter is fond of Sadat, he does not much like Begin, whom, he feels, has been less than candid.

Carter, of course, will not only have to moderate the personality differences between Begin and Sadat but he will also have to bring the two closer together on the major substantive questions. To pick the moment and choose the issue for his interventions in the discussion, he will need a masterly sense of timing and nuance, a quality that he has not yet definitively demonstrated. He may be helped by the powerful mystique of his office. Explained one Administration aide involved in the summit: "There is something unique about the position of the presidency, and both the other guys know it."

The President is not planning to put any overall American proposal on the bargaining table because that would probably lead to cries of an "imposed peace." But if other efforts fail, he may issue a declaration describing U.S. "ideas" for a comprehensive peace. He much prefers, however, simply to make suggestions on crucial points and try to steer the talks toward a balanced outcome.

On the key issue of Arab sovereignty vs. Israeli security, for example, he will try to nudge his visitors into trading Israeli concessions on the West Bank and Gaza for Egyptian compromises on Sinai and security for Israel. This could prompt creative talk about such concepts as Israeli phased withdrawals in return for confidence-building good will gestures by the Arabs. Further discussion could attempt to define which Palestinians would participate in the West Bank's administrative agencies and what Egyptian mea-

asures might strengthen Israel's security. The Administration has become increasingly sympathetic to Israeli security needs and recognizes that some long-term residual Israeli presence in the occupied territories may be required. Carter will also press Begin for a much clearer idea of the status he envisions for the West Bank after the five-year transition period that both sides agree on.

The result of this bargaining, Carter hopes, will be a formula calling for the transfer from Israel to moderate Palestinians of authority over the West Bank and Gaza. While these Palestinians will enjoy some self-determination, they will not be able to turn their area into an independent state, at least not for a predetermined and rather lengthy period.

Carter will also be watching for openings that can lead to a separate Egyptian-Israeli peace. Begin would welcome this—he calls it a "permanent partial peace"—but Sadat has always balked, fearing a backlash from the other Arab states. While U.S. officials doubt that the Egyptian can be coaxed from his position, one Administration staffer advised: "We'll have to see if Sadat's resolve slips."

At times Carter may find that the two other leaders are willing to consider his suggestions even though they have previously rejected very similar ideas. Or so, at least, run the hopes of some Washington experts. Explains Joseph Sisco, President of American University and former Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs: "Each side likes to camouflage a concession, and it's easier to say yes to Carter than to a proposal from the other side. The concession then bears U.S. markings and not those of the enemy." If, in fact, Carter asks the Israelis to relent and accept the declaration of principles that Sadat has been demanding, there is a good chance that they will do so if the statement is given some new name like "framework for negotiations" or "set of guidelines." That way it will not seem as if Begin is giving in to a Sadat demand.

On the other hand, there may come a moment at Camp David when Carter finds that his suggestions and proddings are not having any effect. At this point, the President may offer to involve the U.S. more directly in the Middle East if that will ease some of the anxieties afflicting Begin and Sadat. The U.S. could, for example, sign a defense treaty guaranteeing the existence of Israel. Or the U.S. could contribute troops, if Begin changes his mind, to a U.N. force that might be stationed in Sinai, Gaza and West Bank buffer zones. Another possibility would be to send U.S. civilians to man strategic monitoring stations in the West Bank, just as some 200 Americans now do in the Sinai. Finally, the U.S. might be willing to establish an air or naval base in Egypt or Israel. Not only would this dramatically symbolize the American commitment to the area's stability but it would also pro-



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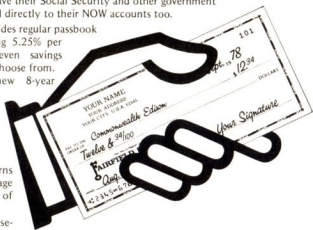
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vide the U.S. with an enhanced strategic reach at a time when the U.S.S.R. has been increasing its activity on the rim of the Middle East.

Carter will offer direct U.S. guarantees only reluctantly—and, preferably at the end of the bargaining process, in order to conclude a deal. He is in no rush to dispatch G.I.s to patrol a truce, a step that has no certainty of congressional backing. Potential opposition on Capitol Hill, moreover, is not the only limitation on what Carter can propose at the summit. If he presses Begin too hard, he runs the political risk of alienating influential American Jews. Last October, for example, when the U.S. and U.S.S.R. issued a statement on the Middle East that displeased Israel, the White House was inundated with 7,268 angry telegrams and 827 phone calls in just four days. On the other hand, Carter also cannot ignore Sadat's primary protector, Saudi Arabia. Washington has carefully cultivated a close relationship with the Saudis, and they have supported U.S. interests by blocking sharp increases in the price of oil and supporting the international role of the dollar.

**S**adat and Begin, of course, also negotiate under constraints. While the Israeli leader currently enjoys widespread popularity at home, his ability to make concessions seems limited by his narrow ideological outlook and his three decades of uncompromising rhetoric. As for Sadat, he can scarcely afford to dismiss Saudi Arabia's opposition to a separate Egyptian-Israeli peace. The Saudis, who fear that such an accord would isolate Egypt and weaken the force of moderation in the Arab world, provide Cairo with lavish handouts (roughly \$1 billion per year).

But Sadat is also under pressure to show progress toward a settlement. Otherwise he will disappoint his people, who are weary of recurring wars and have enthusiastically supported his peace initiative. This is an especially bad time for him to risk a drop in popularity; after his country's students return to their campuses next month, leftist radicals and Islamic fanatics are expected to try to launch a campaign of public disorder.

With the negotiators under such con-

straints and the problems confronting them so difficult, is there much chance of Camp David succeeding? The answer to a large extent depends on the definition of success.

A great success, in the opinion of U.S. officials, would be for Begin and Sadat to agree on a set of principles outlining: 1) a settlement of the territorial issues of Sinai, Gaza and the West Bank and 2) satisfactory security arrangements for Israel. Serious problems, of course, would still remain to be resolved. But having the set of principles agreed on would greatly aid Sadat in persuading Jordan's King Hussein and eventually Syria's President Assad to join the negotiating process. As much as U.S. experts would like to see Camp David achieve this kind of success, they feel that there is little chance of it.

Similarly, there is only a slight chance, in the opinion of U.S. officials, of a catastrophic failure—a personal blowup, for example, with Sadat and Begin yelling at each other. Nearly as bad would be adamant Egyptian and Israeli refusals to consider any compromises; that could well lead to a rapid collapse of the talks and adjournment after only a day or two.

The most likely outcome, in the view of these U.S. experts, would be substantial clarification of several key issues: 1) the degree of autonomy the residents of the West Bank and Gaza will have during the five-year transition period; 2) the rights of the West Bank Palestinians af-

ter the transition; 3) provisions for Israeli security forces inside the West Bank and Gaza; and 4) the next steps in the negotiations. This would be considered a satisfactory success. If the participants, however, accomplish no more than agreeing to continue peace talks at a later date, high-level Administration officials believe the summit will have been a disappointment. The Egyptians agree.

A summit failure, of course, could create infinitely more serious problems. For one thing, a deadlock at Camp David would probably have a profound effect on Sadat. Most observers in Egypt think he would cancel the 1975 Sinai Disengagement Agreement. This could start a potentially disastrous chain of events. It might mean, for example, that the U.N. peace-keeping force and the U.S. observation mission would have to pack up and leave. Israel would probably respond by moving its forces into the vacated areas and reoccupying the Sinai's strategic Mitla and Giddi passes. The Israelis might even push as far as the Suez Canal. Hostilities, in some form, would be almost certain. If that led to another Arab oil embargo, the result would be economic catastrophe in the West.

Even if there is no new war and no new embargo, however, a major failure at Camp David would discredit moderation and encourage radicalism to spread in the Middle East. Moscow would have a new opportunity to increase its influence in this vital region.

Such grim predictions, according to some experts, are unwarranted. Counsels Sisco: "I've seen too many last chances over the years. Failure at Camp David would bring bad fallout, but I don't think that it would necessarily mean war. Both sides already have too high a stake in avoiding it."

Correct as this may be, it is undeniable that the situation in the Middle East will be much worse after a failed summit than before it. This is the great risk in convening the conclave without preparing for it in the meticulous manner of traditional diplomacy. The potential benefit, by contrast, is that Camp David could turn into a laboratory in which the Begin-Carter-Sadat chemistry really works, and the long-delayed movement toward a Middle East peace is restored. ■



## Nation

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

### A Need for Some Privacy

In the first hours that President Carter was back at his White House desk from his Western retreat, he was briefed on the legislative tangles his natural gas bill had encountered. At least two or three times, a faraway look came into his eyes and he chuckled, "I wish that I was back on the Salmon River."

Indeed, his rafting adventure down the Salmon was perhaps the farthest withdrawal from the presidency, both physically and emotionally, that has been managed by any recent Chief Executive. It is true that Secret Service agents with their guns and radios were near by in other rafts. But their security paraphernalia were covered with outdoor garb, and even television cameras and reporters were banished from the immediate scene. For a few hours at a time then, the President heard only the rush of clear water, the muffled voices of family and friends, and the quiet language of trees and animals in a wilderness. Said Hamilton Jordan: "A man like President Carter, who has grown up close to the soil, gets a special peace of mind from being out of doors."

Then came word that the natural gas compromise was in trouble and Carter

had better come home two days early. There is a certain sadness in this. A President ought to be able to remove himself from public contact for two weeks, particularly to get away from Washington, which is just terrible in August and September. ("I consider it as a trying experiment for a person from the mountains to pass the two billion months on the tide-water," wrote a new President, Thomas Jefferson, in 1801. "I have not done it these 40 years, and nothing should induce me to do it.") But today's politicians who want to sneak off now and then for some solitude also want the public and the press to be on hand for moments of programmed casualness. The two purposes collide.

Yet one wonders if all this high drama—the proclaimed need for instant communication to the world, the imperative of being on the bridge of the ship of state—is really that necessary. Carter, like other Presidents, both loves it and at times grows weary of it. He still frustrates his staff a little by adding appointments to his schedules even while trying to find additional moments of solitude. His early morning starts in the Oval Office (6:30 a.m. these days) are as much for the quiet of the hour as for extra time. "I don't have to get here that early," he told a friend. "I like to get up and come over here to be by myself." The special joy of Camp David is that in a little corner of the patio of Aspen Lodge the rest of the world can be held off for a few hours. Servants do not intrude. Security men are at a distance because the camp's access is tightly guarded.

The amount of White House intrigue and energy it takes to preserve even these moments is increasing. Nobody can even tabulate the requests from politicians, legislators, friends and special interests. There are 1,620 accredited White House correspondents, photographers and technicians constantly battering the doors. While the First Family has almost total privacy on the second floor of the mansion, once Carter goes out on the Truman balcony, tourists train their binoculars on him from in front of the south lawn. On these heavy tourist days at the White House (1.5 million visitors a year now), the corridors are so jammed that Rosalynn Carter, to get to her East Wing office undetected, must either walk outside on the drive or go to the basement and make her way through the mechanical rooms and up the back stairs.

There may be no satisfactory answer on a President's privacy. But at least a few people are beginning to wonder if we would not all be better off if there were some way to have the Federal Government pause, particularly in times like these when there is no great national upheaval.

Jefferson might have found a way. In that same 1801 letter in which he answered critics about his absences from Washington, he noted that George Washington had set the example by taking August and September off. "Grumble who will," he said, "I will never pass those two months on tide-water."



Rosalynn's snapshot of fisherman

### The Only Abomination In Town

*That's the endless gas battle*

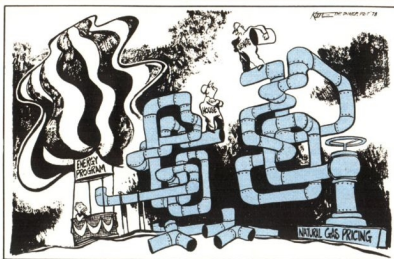
"I never thought," said Senator Russell Long, in an appropriate tone of disbelief, "the conferees could take a House bill favored by the consumers, and a Senate bill favored by the producers, and work out a fiasco opposed by both. But they have clearly succeeded in doing so."

The object of Long's contempt and ridicule was the celebrated "compromise" on deregulation of natural gas, which emerged from a Senate-House committee three weeks ago and seemed to herald the passage of Carter's long-stalled energy bill. That, in turn, seemed to permit Carter to take off for a vacation in the Rockies. But the compromise, which would increase the price of most natural gas by 15% immediately and then continue raising prices each year until controls end in 1985, has many enemies. Consumer groups oppose the price increases as excessive, while the gas industry wants immediate deregulation to stimulate new production. Indeed, the compromise had scarcely been issued before it was denounced by a collection of 18 Senators ranging from the liberal Ted Kennedy of Massachusetts to the conservative John Tower of Texas. Said Ohio's Howard Metzenbaum, a leader in the fight against gas deregulation: "It's really an amazing coalition we have put together."

The prospect of such a major Administration program going to its doom prompted Carter to cut short his vacation by two days and hurry back to the White House for some intense lobbying. He summoned a group of eleven Governors and warned them that the energy package must pass. "The entire world," he said, "is looking at our Government to see whether we have the national will to deal with this difficult challenge. If this legislation is not enacted, it will have a devastating effect on our national image, the value of the dollar, our balance of trade and inflation." The Governors were impressed. Said Julian Carroll of Kentucky, new chairman of the Governors' conference: "It would be catastrophic if this energy bill did not pass."

That same afternoon, Carter called a conclave of 125 business leaders from around the nation, gave them a similar warning, and asked them to lobby Congress. The businessmen generally supported him but without glowing enthusiasm. Said R.P. Simmons of Allegheny Ludlum Steel: "The bill may be an abomination, but it's the only abomination in town."

The key battle now lies in the Senate, which is expected to take up the bill late



this week. Here, powerful opposition forces include Senator Long of gas-producing Louisiana, who argues that the Administration plan would "tie up producers and investors in a morass of endless paperwork, hearings, litigation and bureaucratic red tape."

Apart from the merits of the issue, a number of Senators were irritated by the Administration's tactics in getting the compromise approved. Specifically, Senator James McClure, an Idaho Republican, signed the conference report only after Energy Secretary James Schlesinger promised him that the Administration would support a \$1.5 billion appropriation for the development of a fast breeder reactor on which most of the research would be done in Idaho. That deal angered Tennessee Senators Howard Baker and James Sasser, who support the Clinch River breeder reactor in their state—a project Carter has opposed. Oregon's Mark Hatfield and Arkansas' Dale Bumpers, who oppose any breeder reactor at all, were also soured by the arrangement with McClure. Schlesinger, however, dismissed Senate criticisms of the bill as "tawdry" and predicted that the Administration would get the support of enough of some 30 undecided Senators to pass it.

But the gas bill is not the President's only concern on Capitol Hill as Congress gets back from its Labor Day recess. The House this week will vote on whether to override his veto of the military authorization bill. His civil service reform legislation also faces House floor action. By most counts, Carter should win both tests, but he cannot take that for granted. Ironically, he is also supporting a bill that would require court approval of any wiretapping done for national security reasons, but it is under heavy fire from conservatives, who feel that the Executive Branch should be free to wiretap in such cases without asking a judge for permission.

In the Senate, the Finance Committee will begin this week to mark up its version of the House-passed tax bill. Once

again Carter has to deal with opposition from Committee Chairman Long, who is expected to push for a larger tax cut than the \$16.3 billion approved by the House and may try to reduce the maximum 35% capital gains tax rate in the bill to 21%. The President has warned that if the changes are too drastic, or too much in favor of the rich, he will react with the ultimate weapon at his command: a veto.

## Strike Off

*Postmen stay at work—for now*

Just eight hours before a threatened nationwide postal strike was to begin last week, neither side showed any sign of budging. Postmaster General William F. Bolger adamantly refused to go back to the bargaining table. Three postal unions were just as insistent on reopening negotiations after their members had voted to reject a contract calling for a 19.5% pay increase over three years.

Then U.S. Mediation Director Wayne Horvitz came to the rescue with a formula acceptable to both sides. Talks would resume for 15 days under a new mediator, James J. Healy, professor of industrial relations at the Harvard Business School. But this concession to the unions would be balanced by one for the Postal Service: if agreement was not reached within that time, Healy could impose an arbitrated settlement. Explained Horvitz with studied ambiguity: "It will be a form of a negotiated-mediated settlement."

The plan gave everyone a badly needed respite until the new deadline Sept. 16. "Horvitz did a fantastic job," exulted a White House aide. Happiest of all were the two postal union leaders who had strict instructions from their members to call a strike—even though postal strikes are illegal—if the Postal Service did not resume talks. Said J. Joseph Vacca, president of the National Association of Letter Carriers: "I can

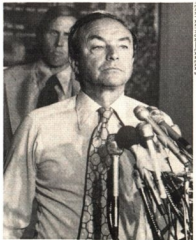
breathe again for the first time in a week."

Fifteen days may or may not be enough time to resolve the tangled issues. Desperately trying to control inflation, the Carter Administration cannot afford to enlarge the average 6.5%-a-year pay boost; doing so would make it that much harder to restrain subsequent labor demands. Beyond that, the Postal Service, which is running a \$700 million annual deficit, is threatened by growing competition from private carriers. If it has to raise the price of stamps, it will lose still more customers. Noted a participant in the talks: "The Postal Service did not need any importuning from the White House to stand firm on the wage package."

Postal workers, on the other hand, argue that the proffered increase lags behind the rate of inflation, which is expected to be about 8% this year. Moreover, they contend that their productivity has risen 7.2% this year. What this argument ignores is that postal workers already average close to \$16,000 a year, which is 50% more than the mean for all U.S. nonfarm workers.

The Postal Service wants to increase productivity further by eliminating more workers. As part of the agreement to resume bargaining, Bolger insisted on reopening discussion of the no-layoff clause in the contract. Facing tough re-election battles this fall, Vacca and Emmet Andrews, president of the American Postal Workers Union, cannot easily agree to weakening the provision. But as one union leader admits, "it's a whole new game."

Much depends on the skill of Mediator Healy, 62, who has been settling labor disputes, especially in the railroad and maritime industries, since 1945. "He is one of the two or three best in the country for this kind of work," says Horvitz. Under the unusual bargaining agreement, Healy has considerable room for maneuver. Both sides will have to be wary of rejecting proposals for fear that the final binding arbitration might be worse.



Mediator Horvitz announcing new talks  
Resisting a rise in the price of stamps.

## Nation

### Biggest Scandal

#### *New revelations at the GSA*

**H**is eyes are baggy from lack of sleep, and his speech has quickened and become more salty. Last week, after 100 hectic days as special counsel for the Government Services Administration, former Federal Prosecutor Vincent Alto declared that the web of GSA mismanagement, employee theft and kickbacks from private contractors he has begun to uncover could well turn out to be "the biggest money scandal in the history of the Federal Government."

Under Alto's prodding, the investigation of the GSA, which employs 35,000 and spends \$5 billion annually as the renter, builder and purchasing agent for the Federal Government, has spread to grand juries and U.S. Attorneys throughout the country. Investigators in Fort Worth, Dallas and El Paso documented \$100,000 worth of fraudulent GSA overpayments after just two weeks of auditing last month. In Bayonne, N.J., investigators have discovered a construction contract that was first awarded to an extremely low bidder for just over \$1 million and then was upped substantially in a suspicious change of project plans. In Chicago, a ring of thieves looted the GSA of furniture and office equipment. In New Orleans, the investigation centers on a scheme of multiple payments for building-repair and maintenance work never performed, a rip-off similar to one that has been uncovered in Denver. In Honolulu, \$185,000 worth of inventory is missing from a GSA self-service store.

Much of the corruption has emerged in GSA's Region 3, which includes the District of Columbia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia and Delaware—an area that accounts for 44% of GSA purchasing. Last week GSA Administrator Jay Solomon announced that 50 indictments are expected in a matter of weeks, most of them involving fraud in the repair and maintenance of federal buildings in Region 3. Eventually, more than 500 indictments are expected nationally.

Aside from outright illegality, the GSA, long a haven for lackluster patronage employees, suffers from inefficiency and careless shopping habits. Notes one Government insider: "The GSA operates on a service concept—if you don't like your wooden desk, they'll get you a marble one. Who cares? Nobody has to pay." The Washington *Post* revealed that the GSA was paying \$56.50 for a General Electric cassette tape recorder that was on sale to the public for \$46.90 at a Washington discount retailer. The GSA also paid \$20.70 for a Texas Instruments pocket calculator that was priced at \$14.90 at a discount store.

Bureaucracy, too, has caused problems. Recalls Walter Kallaur, 33, a Harvard-educated financial whiz who served

as the GSA's Assistant Administrator before Solomon named him last month as the new chief of Region 3: "A directive went out that federal buildings should be located in downtown areas as part of the Administration's urban policy. We actually had to stop a plan to move a boat-repair shop from the waterfront to the downtown area and have the boats carted to the new location."

In a move to encourage internal honesty, Administrator Solomon last week

publicly reinstated four whistle-blowing employees who had been dismissed or demoted for attempting to publicize GSA wrongdoing. Solomon also is adding 75 auditors and 45 investigators to the GSA payroll. Says Florida Senator Lawton Chiles: "If someone had been reading the internal reports, they would have known what was going on." Chiles' Senate subcommittee on federal spending practices has scheduled hearings into the GSA mess for later this month.



Marla Pitchford and Hawthorne's Hester Prynn: bearing the shame and humiliation

### The Scarlet A

*"I felt like dying"*

**I**t looked like a morality play, not a criminal trial. The sobbing 22-year-old defendant resembled Nathaniel Hawthorne's Hester Prynne, who, as Defense Attorney Flora Stuart reminded the jury, "had to wear the letter A and bear the shame and humiliation." This trial, however, took place last week in Bowling Green, Ky., and the A stood not for adultery but for abortion. Under an obscure state statute that allows only licensed physicians to perform abortions after the first trimester, Marla Pitchford was prosecuted for performing an abortion on herself during the 24th week of pregnancy. The penalty: ten to 20 years in jail.

It was the first trial that anyone could remember in which a woman had been prosecuted for self-abortion. And the case was symptomatic of the confusion that has developed over the widely differing abortion laws that have been enacted by states and localities in the past few years. Kentucky law is particularly tricky: the state permits abortions to be performed during the second trimester but after 18 weeks it is virtually impossible to get anyone to perform the operation.

Pitchford's story is sad and scarcely unfamiliar. She and her boyfriend,

Dwight Mundy, 26, both students at Western Kentucky University in Bowling Green, were talking about getting married. But Pitchford was afraid to tell Mundy she was pregnant. When she did he told her he did not want the child. On June 8 they traveled to Louisville to find a clinic that would perform an abortion. None would handle a pregnancy beyond 18 weeks. In the bathroom of their hotel room, Pitchford inserted a six-inch knitting needle into her uterus. "I just wasn't thinking rationally," she recalled later. "I felt like dying."

Back in Bowling Green, she developed a 101° fever and had to enter a hospital. After her doctor gave her a labor-inducing drug, Pitchford delivered a still-born fetus—and the knitting needle. The nurse called the coroner, the coroner called the police, and the police called the commonwealth attorney, Morris Lowe.

Lowe left dutybound to bring charges, even though the 1974 statute mandating care by physicians had been passed primarily to protect women from quacks. Obstetrician Nicholas Kafoglis, who served as a state representative when the general assembly passed the law, testified at Pitchford's trial. "I think this was no crime; it was very poor judgment."

The jury of eight men and four women agreed. On the first ballot, it voted acquittal by reason of insanity. Even the prosecutor seemed relieved.

# Straight talk about death.

When someone in the family dies, clear and logical thinking concerning funeral arrangements often becomes difficult due to shock and mental turmoil. This is when it becomes necessary to seek the guidance and services of a reputable Funeral Director.

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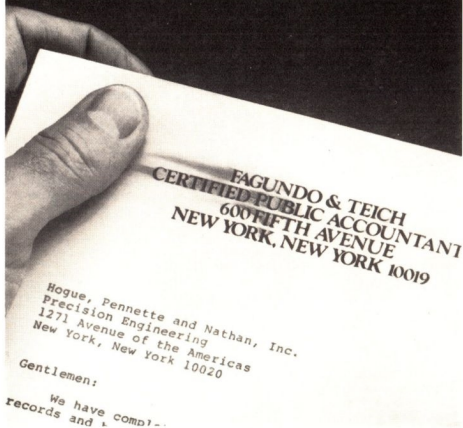
## PRE-PLANNING A FUNERAL

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# Americana

## The War Is Over

In Chicago's Grant Park last week, a decade after the riots at the 1968 Democratic Convention, a group of latter-day Yippies shouted the old battle cry: "The whole world is watching!" But hardly anyone was. Then the Yippies went marching through the streets, and the friendly police even provided two motorcyclists to clear the way. They sat in a busy intersection, chanting, "The streets belong to the people!" But when a few cops finally told them to move on, they meekly complied. They smoked pot and slept in the park, but their main complaint to the bored police was, "How come we're not getting busted?"

A crowd of up to 50,000 had been forecast for the Tenth Annual Festival of Life; only some 150 came. "Who was here in 1968?" one speaker asked. About four



lice said later, but people in the neighborhood began estimating how much money she might have stashed away in her modest row house. Someone guessed \$35,000. Someone guessed more. There was even talk of a hoard of \$45 million. None of this was true either—her only income is her monthly \$247 Social Security check, and her only saving consists of a prepaid burial—but when the rumors started spreading last week, a crowd of 300 curiosity seekers gathered in front of her house. So did 100 police, on horses and in riot gear, assigned to protect the house from vandalism. Said one skeptical youth: "If there is no money in there, why are all these police guarding the house?" By this time, Sheehan had fled to a convent for safety. It took police a full day of persuasion, plus 19 arrests, to convince the crowd that the whole situation was much ado about nothing.

## Dynamite Mixup

"A breakdown in communications" is what officials like to call such situations. Idiocy is perhaps more accurate.

St. Louis airport Police Officers John Clouse and Ed Philippe set out one day last week to train and test two of the dogs that the airport uses to help provide security against hijackers and terrorists. Two sticks of dynamite without detonators would be placed in a car and the dogs would be turned loose to find them. The police chose a passenger car at random in the airport's parking lot, hid the dynamite under the bumper, and after warning parking-lot personnel, took the dogs to another part of the airport to begin the search. While the dogs were searching, one of the parking attendants, who did not hear about the training run, returned the car to its owners—an unsuspecting elderly couple, who promptly drove off.

The dynamite is not dangerous, police insisted, but they alerted patrols on highways around St. Louis to search for the potentially explosive car. They made more than 200 phone calls to those who flew into the airport that night, but all in vain. Until the elderly couple discovered their plight while watching television, Canine Commander Lieut. John Reeg had only the traditional explanation, the one about communications.



hands went up. Complained Waitress Janet Deutzer, 36, who had carried a VOTE PIG IN '68 banner in the good old days: "I felt like a grandmother among them. Times have changed. The war is over." Activist Dave Dellinger made a short speech. "Who's Dave Dellinger?" someone asked. After his speech, Dellinger retired to a near North Side loft for a wine-and-cheese party for tenth anniversary survivors.

## Snowed

Where are the snowplows of yesterday? Back in 1956, the Nebraska town of Sidney (pop. 6,300) spent \$50 to buy a used Civil Defense truck (1936 vintage), and put a plowing blade on it to clear the town airport of snow. Last fall, when City Manager Merle Strouse decided that the old plow had reached "the last of its days," he investigated new snowplows and found that they cost \$25,000, more than twice the \$9,800 that the town wanted to pay. He asked the Federal Aviation Administration to help out. The FAA decided that the town really needed a bigger snowplow—for \$83,000. In addition, the agency decreed, in order to have a new snowplow there must be an approved airport layout

plan, costing \$25,000, and a snowplow building, costing \$106,000.

The city balked. It did not really mind the federal largesse, but it minded the fact that the federals wanted the town to pay 10%, which by now would amount to \$21,000, almost as much as the original new snowplow that had seemed too expensive. So the town asked if it could simply scrap the construction of the snowplow building. No, said the feds, if it did not have a construction project, it did not qualify for most FAA grants.

Sidney officials have now issued an ultimatum: they will contribute \$9,800 and no more. The federal authorities are considering their answer. In the meantime, that 1936 truck may not have seen its last days after all.

## When Rumor Speaks

*Open your ears, for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing when loud Rumor  
speaks?*

—Shakespeare, *Henry IV Part 2*

Somebody told somebody that Mabel Sheehan, 72, who lives alone with her sheep dog in a working-class district of Philadelphia, had bought a car for a friend. Somebody else heard that she had paid for several trips to Puerto Rico for other friends. None of this was true, po-



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## World

NICARAGUA

# A Battle Ends, a War Begins

*Somoza subdues a city, but the dictator's days may be numbered*

**F**or five fearful and defiant days, the city of Matagalpa had stood proud: a rebellious stronghold against the mechanized might of Nicaragua's National Guard and its detested dictator, Anastasio Somoza. The sudden and apparently spontaneous uprising by the townspeople did not succeed in bringing down the regime. But the fact that it had occurred at all was symptomatic of the troubles facing Somoza's government. Following on the audacious capture the week before of Managua's National Pal-

The National Guard's conquest of Matagalpa climaxed the second week of a drive by opponents of the regime to force the resignation of Somoza, 52, whose family has ruled Nicaragua since 1933. Somoza's monopoly of much of the country's industry and business and the National Guard's brutalization of the rural population have served to unite the opposition, which now ranges from the extreme left to extreme right. After the Sandinista assault on the palace, the Broad Opposition Front, a coalition of po-

without warning, it launched a three-hour aerial attack, concentrating on the poor *barrios* in the hills around the city. Visiting Matagalpa shortly after the attack, TIME Mexico City Bureau Chief Bernard Diederich found the hospitals filled with wounded. At least 17 people were dead. Many residents had fled the city, but those who remained were defiant. "We know they are going to bomb us again," said an elderly woman. "It shows what a barbaric regime we are living under."

Reported Diederich: "Piles of lettuce and carrots lay rotting alongside empty stalls of the central market on Morazan Park. Just a few people ventured along the streets, holding white flags. Others stood in their doorways, moving back into their adobe-walled homes and shops when a rifle cracked close by. That's the National Guard," said a bare-chested man hearing a shot. "They have the big-sounding guns."

"At a street corner, three masked youths demanded identification. Armed with small revolvers, they stressed that 'this is the people's fight.' While they are sympathetic to the Sandinistas, they said that few of them were actually members of the rebel organization. 'We all want Somoza to go,' added a youth, echoing a sentiment heard over and over in the town.

**"T**here was a burst of gunfire, then a Guard patrol, walkie-talkies crackling, passed by. The patrol had just come from the little five-room Hotel Soza, where they had burst in and raked the reception room with machine-gun fire. Four people, including the hotel owner's wife and a maid, were killed. Though none of them had been armed, the Guard later claimed the four were *extremistas*. To justify their killings, the Guard mounted a pathetic Exhibit A, consisting of Sandinista poems, a box of nails and Gerber baby-food jars (often used to make bombs), and several shotgun shells. Witnesses said the patrol had shot up the hotel because no one responded to their knocking when they sought refuge from sniper fire."

From his bunker in Managua, Somoza defended the Guard's actions in Matagalpa. The general, a graduate of West Point who speaks English fluently, compared the rebels to "Bronx street gangs—just juvenile delinquents." While admitting that the general strike had grown worse, he insisted he would not resign before his term ends in 1981. To do otherwise, he said, would "betray the aspi-



Nicaraguan National Guard moves into the city of Matagalpa to rout young rebels. Failing a free election, it could be only one in a chain of bloody rebellions.

ace, after which members of the leftist Sandinista National Liberation Front won the release of 59 political prisoners and received safe passage to Panama, the Matagalpa rebellion raised the real likelihood that the days of the Somoza dynasty may be numbered.

The rebellion ended almost as suddenly as it began. In the face of a blazing onslaught by National Guardsmen armed with submachine guns and backed up by armored cars, the youthful rebels took off their masks, hid their arms and abandoned their resistance. But not before the government forces had strafed and bombed the city and gunned down the innocent along with the insurgents. The toll: 30 dead, at least 200 wounded.

litical and business groups, called a general strike to last until Somoza resigned.

In Matagalpa (pop. 61,000) a thriving coffee- and cattle-farming center in the mountains 80 miles north of Managua, youths immediately covered some of the streets with broken glass to ensure compliance with the strike. The young rebels, mostly teen-agers, then went around accumulating—by force, in some cases—small arms, rifles and shotguns from residents of the city. By Sunday morning, Aug. 27, *los muchachos* (the boys) had enough firepower to start what they described as the "people's war against the Somoza regime."

The National Guard quickly moved in reinforcements. On Tuesday afternoon,



Matagalpa uprising (clockwise from above): rebel in stocking mask raises pistol in defiance of the National Guard; body of civilian is retrieved while bystander stands watch; masked youth guards post at main intersection; rebels huddle at barricade outside church

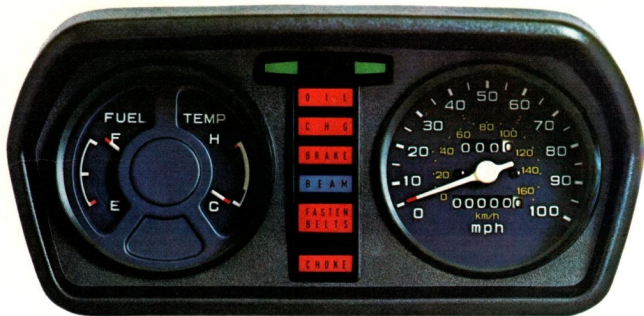
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## World



Mourners with body of a slain Sandinista

"This time the fight is definite."

rations of the people of Nicaragua to live in a free society."

Somoza's refusal to step down presents a dilemma for American policymakers. The U.S. has long supported the dynasty as a stronghold of anti-Communism; Somoza often paraded around Central America as if he were a U.S. consul. Washington is anxious to change that image, but it does not want to see a power vacuum that could be filled by a pro-Castro regime. The U.S. has, however, taken soundings of Nicaragua's neighbors. Said an Administration official: "The consensus is that the sooner Somoza gets out, the better."

**B**usinessmen, intellectuals and churchmen are now united in their conviction that the longer the present situation continues, the greater the danger of a coup from either the left or the extreme right. Says Adolfo Calero, a prominent conservative politician: "The conservatives want it known that in Nicaragua there are democratic forces that represent the great majority of the people who have placed themselves in civil opposition to this government." Adds Alfonso Robelo Callejas, a wealthy industrialist: "We feel more than ever the urgency to get rid of Somoza and the government because his presence provokes such [terrorist] actions."

No one person stands out as a potential leader—but then Nicaraguans have too long had their leaders foisted upon them. The only answer, many people now feel, is a genuinely free election—and not the usual ballot-stuffing kind in which votes are bought by handing out five *córdobas* (about 70¢) and a bottle of *guaro* (cheap rum) to the poor and illiterate. Failing that, they fear that Matagalpa is likely to be remembered as only one in a chain of bloody rebellions. ■

IRAN

## The Shah Mollifies the Mullahs

*His new Premier cools tempers by cutting back on modernization*

**I**f there was something faintly incongruous about Chinese Chairman Hua Kuofeng's state visit to the imperial court of Iran last week, neither the guest nor his host, Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, seemed to notice it. Hua did ask, in advance, that he be driven into town from the airport in an automobile instead of the horse-drawn golden carriage in which the Shah normally transports his most honored guests. But otherwise the visit passed uneventfully, with talks about cultural exchanges and expanded trade. Though the subject was not announced, the two leaders undoubtedly discussed something else that concerns them both: the Soviet presence on Iran's borders. Western observers noted that Hua was accompanied to Tehran by several ranking Chinese military officials who had not been with him on his stopovers in Europe.

The truth was that the Chinese Chairman's visit came at a notably awkward time for his Iranian hosts. For months the country had been rocked by religious rioting, culminating with the burning of an Abadan moviehouse last month in which 377 people were killed. Last week violence continued: Muslim youths battled police in 15 cities, leaving eleven persons dead. The trouble was fomented by the leaders of Iran's 32 million Shi'ite Muslims, who have grown increasingly restive as the Shah has pursued a rigorous modernization campaign for his ancient country. The motive power of the mullahs (religious leaders) is Islamic puritanism, but in their discontent they have been encouraged by both the Soviet Union and George Habash's radical Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine.

For the past year Premier Jamshid Amuzegar had made a valiant effort to restore the country's economy. He cut inflation from 31% to 8%, cracked down on wealthy tax dodgers, purged the civil service of crooks and incompetents. But the reforms came far too late, and the rioting only grew worse. Early last week the Shah replaced Amuzegar with Jaafar Sharif-Emami, 67, a former Premier who is himself known as a devout Muslim. The Shah's charge to his new Premier: mollify the mullahs.

Sharif-Emami proceeded to do just that. Within 48 hours his government declared that the Shah's recently restored imperial calendar would be scrapped and replaced by the old Islamic calendar that the Muslim religious leaders had been demanding.\* The government further announced that the country's eight big gambling casinos, including the four owned

by the Shah's charitable Pahlavi Foundation, would be shut down. The post of Minister of State for Women's Affairs was abolished to appease the mullahs, who claimed that liberalization policies in women's rights were undermining the sanctity of the Islamic household. Half a dozen religious leaders who had been jailed for leading or inspiring rioting were released, and press censorship was lifted for the first time in 15 years.

The new program virtually amounted to social retrogression, stalemating the Shah's dream of turning Iran into a modern industrial state. But he was convinced that to do otherwise would only invite more rioting. Revolution could follow, bringing an end to his dynasty, and, no doubt, fresh opportunities for the Soviets.

**T**he Shah's new program seemed to satisfy some religious leaders. "We have no intention of implementing the traditional Islamic criminal codes such as cutting off thieves' hands or stoning adulterers to death," said one moderate leader, Ayatullah Shari'etmadari. "We don't want to turn Iran into another Saudi Arabia or another Libya. But we shall demand strict adherence to the Islamic precepts of our country's constitution." Many members of the Western-educated elite were predictably appalled at the latest turn of events. "The Shah's concessions will only make the opposition demand more," complained one Iranian businessman. "Mark my words: we are headed for civil war." Fortunately it was much too early to tell how the Shi'ite Muslim majority would react to the Shah's about-face. ■



The Shah and Premier Jaafar Sharif-Emami

*Down with the casinos and women's rights.*

\*The imperial calendar dates from the founding of the Iranian monarchy by Cyrus the Great in 559 B.C., the Islamic from the Prophet Mohammed's Hegira from Mecca to Medina in A.D. 622.

## World

LATIN AMERICA

### Brazil's Wasted Generation

*In spite of a boom, 16 million children are hopelessly deprived*

**S**ince 1969, Brazil has achieved one of the world's most spectacular rates of economic growth, impressive industrialization and a heady standard of living for its thriving middle class. In the great booming cities, flashy cars carry hordes of executives from comfortable apartment houses to offices in downtown skyscrapers. The white sands of Ipanema and Copacabana beaches teem with people enjoying the good life. What mars this idyllic picture is a social scandal more massive

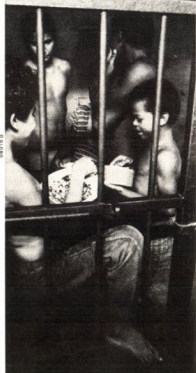
in Brazil than anywhere else on the South American continent. Amid all the delights of Brazil live more than 2 million children who have been abandoned by their destitute parents and another 14 million who live in such poverty that abandonment almost seems preferable. These 16 million people—one-third of Brazil's youth—are growing up in circumstances so deprived that they are unlikely ever to play a useful role in modern society.

**T**he outcasts among them have been called "nobody's children," and they range from infants to teen-agers. They have been turned out into the streets of every major city in the land. In Rio de Janeiro alone, more than 100 children under three years old are abandoned each month. As the kids themselves say, they "join the struggle"—a term aptly describing their attempts to survive. In Rio, Recife and São Paulo they can be found—or more precisely stumbled upon—in alleys and on avenues and beaches. They rove in gypsy bands, sleep in construction pipes, in rat-infested cellars of abandoned buildings or on street corners in miserable heaps. Their beds are torn newspapers, their clothing mere scraps of cloth. Their days are spent in hustling, prostitution and petty crime. They prey upon each other as well as passersby. Even the police have been accused of organizing waifs into thieving bands and then collecting the better part of the loot.

The children who remain with their parents are similarly corrupted. Mothers and even grandmothers have forced their pubescent offspring into prostitution. Not long ago, an eight-month-old girl was left at the door of a child care center. She

had been beaten and was infected with venereal disease. In another notorious case, a gym teacher interrupted a 14-year-old's attempt to rape a woman in her own office. Fleeing, the youth turned, drew a pistol and fired upon the man and killed him. Questioned by police, the boy boasted that he was planning to murder his mother, who had tried to drown him in a river when he was an infant.

Children who fall into the hands of the authorities are not necessarily any better off than the wandering urchins. One 13-year-old boy who spent six months in an Espírito Santo detention center told reporters: "They beat me on the back and the throat with boards and pieces of rubber with nails in it. Sometimes at night, four or five guards would come and rape us. They raped the little girls too. We screamed but it did no good." Complaints to child welfare officials went unheeded. The director of the children's home was accused of beating his wards and supplying some of them to homosexuals. In a Manaus São detention home, eight hapless girls vainly attempted collective suicide by swallowing large doses of poisonous detergents and tranquilizers. In Rio, a 15-year-old boy, arrested for a series of thefts, told police: "I hate rich people, especially the children." Abandoned at seven, he had spent the following years shuttling between orphanages and detention homes. Yet another youngster recently was brought before a Rio magistrate



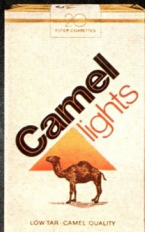
**Rio de Janeiro's scandal: wasting away on a chic Copacabana beach; in anguish on a downtown street; sharing a cell with adults**  
After joining the struggle, the outcasts will grow up uneducated, unskilled and impervious to any civilizing process.

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## World

and explained his crimes in a curious but oddly touching fashion: "What do you expect from me? I never even had a single birthday cake!"

So serious is the hemorrhaging of Brazil's wasted generation that nothing but an all-out emergency program could possibly staunch it. As it is, the government spends only \$38 million a year on children's services—and even that is poorly distributed. Only 11.8% of all Brazil's cities and towns receive any aid at all for needy children. There is only one government or private-care agency for every 10,000 needy or abandoned children. Only 10% of these institutions are located in the poverty-stricken northeast, where nearly one-half of the country's deprived young are to be found. Well-intentioned attempts by agencies and individuals to find adoptive parents are hampered by the fact that few eligible groupings want to take in dark-skinned children; they prefer the relatively few who are blond and blue-eyed.

Ironically, the scandal is one consequence of Brazil's economic advance. For more than a decade, millions of peasant families have fled the countryside in search of factory jobs in the cities. For most, the effort has been futile. Lacking skills and education, they have settled for poverty-level employment at best—and in all too many instances, no job at all. By working ten hours a day, six days a week an ambitious woman might earn about \$75 per month, scarcely enough to survive in a wooden and tin-can hovel, let alone support her children. At the same time, the peasants contribute endlessly to a stunningly high birth rate (37.1 per thousand). Thousands of parents are forced to cast their offspring out like rubbish.

**W**hat is to become of these outcasts? Already, about half the country's 110 million population is 19 years of age or younger. Some experts predict that within 20 years or so, Brazil will be burdened with millions of adults so undernourished, unskilled and uneducated that they will be impervious to any kind of civilizing process. Experts report that the signs of this prophecy are already unmistakable. With nothing to look forward to, the children indulge in delusions of a glorious future. Says a psychologist: "We have illiterate seven-year-olds who say they are going to be doctors." At a São Paulo orphanage, the IQ of the youngsters ranges between 50 and 70; in the U.S., people with such scores are classified as mentally retarded. Says Irna Marilia Kaden, director of Rio's child welfare agency: "A person with psychological disorders and mental impairment, a sick person—a sick, fragile population—cannot act as an agent of development. And what's worse, he is a dead weight to be sustained by those who are healthy." For a nation whose population is expected to increase to 1 billion in less than a century, that weight may be too heavy to bear. ■

KENYA

## Mourning the Fallen Mzee

*And a eulogist sounds a warning about wolves*

**I**t was a fitting funeral for a man who had led his country to independence. While thousands of rural Kenyans flanked the highway, craning for one last look at their fallen President, a flat-bed Land Rover bearing a flag-draped coffin with the remains of Jomo Kenyatta rolled slowly along the highway to his house in Gatundu. There, in accordance with Kikuyu custom, it lay overnight near the verdant hills and ridges of his tribal homeland. Next morning the body was returned to Nairobi, transferred into a British-built ceremonial coffin crafted from African oak and mounted on a two-ton gun carriage.

past. The U.S. delegation, headed by Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall, who had helped to draft Kenya's constitution, included Ambassador to the United Nations Andrew Young, Coretta Scott King and President Carter's son Jeff.

The body was installed in a glass-walled mausoleum supported by four stone towers, topped by eternal flames. The interdenominational service, conducted in both English and Swahili, was simple and dignified. Some ambitious government ministers in the audience may have quirmed as the Very Rev. Charles M. Kareri, a retired Presbyterian minister, admonished Kenyans to "re-



Acting President Daniel Moi; soldiers leading ceremonial cortege

*The footsteps of thousands of feet and the muted strains of a brass band.*

Drawn by 72 soldiers in red tunics from the Kenya Rifles, the cortege moved at a stately pace down Kenyatta Avenue toward Parliament grounds. Thousands of *wananchi* (Swahili for "common folk") lined the street, trying to glimpse the passing coffin, which was bedecked with Kenyatta's military cap, his sword and his Kikuyu beaded belt. The mourners were eerily silent, as though numbed by grief. The only sounds were the tramping of feet and the muted strains of an army brass band.

Awaiting the procession at the Parliament grounds were representatives of 82 nations, among them Britain's Prince Charles. Also present were Tanzania's Julius Nyerere and Uganda's Idi Amin,\* with whom Kenyatta had quarreled in the

\*At the service, Charles pointedly turned his back when the Ugandan dictator tried to greet him.

member how St. Paul also warned his people, saying "I know that after my departure fierce wolves will get in among you and will not spare the flock. And from among your own selves men will rise speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them." Kareri beseeched Kenyans to "watch against the fierce wolves who will want to come in and will not spare Kenya nor the good deeds and legacy that the late Mzee [the Old Man] has left to us."

So far, potential rivals for Kenyatta's power seem to be heeding Kareri's words. Acting President Daniel Arap Moi seemed to be picking up support from many of Kenya's most powerful politicians. If Moi succeeds Kenyatta, there is little chance that Kenya will deviate from the pro-Western policies laid down by Mzee. ■

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## Scaring Off Witnesses

*Testifying can be time consuming, costly—and risky*

Last December a man wearing a ski mask and carrying a shotgun broke into Richard Morgan's San Francisco Bay-area home. Morgan, a burly Teamster, managed to chase him away and get his license number. But after the suspect was arrested and released on bail, police say, he threatened Morgan over the phone, assaulted him in the courthouse hallway and stole one of his dogs. Finally, the suspect tried to blow Morgan up. Returning to Morgan's house late one night in mid-August bearing 75 sticks of dynamite, the suspect was scared off by barking dogs and fled, leaving the bomb to explode in the driveway. The blast rocked the neighborhood, shattering windows in nearby houses, but Morgan escaped unharmed. Now in hiding, Morgan says he will still testify.

Not everyone is so determined. "People are afraid," says Robert Kaye, chief of the Florida State Attorney's Office Strike Force. "They ask themselves, 'Is the defendant going to get me when he gets out of jail?'" When the Institute for Law and Social Research asked witnesses in Washington, D.C., what they needed most, the largest single response was "better protection." Intimidation is not just limited to witnesses who squeal on the mob or run afoul of mad bombers. In suburbia, parents wonder what retribution is in store for them—or more worrisome, for their small children—if they turn teen-agers in for petty vandalism. Intimidation is a major problem, not just in felony cases, but in misdemeanor courts as well.

The criminal justice system, of course, depends on civilian witnesses, as well as the police. In many instances, say prosecutors around the country, the loss of one key witness means no case. Though statistics of witness no-shows are spotty and hard to come by, a recent study in high-crime Brooklyn, N.Y., by the Vera Institute of Justice found that as many as half the witnesses required to come to court for trial just did not show up.

Fear is not the only reason. Not wanting to "get involved" makes potential witnesses behave like the three monkeys who hear no evil, see no evil and speak no evil. "With a shooting in a bar," says one De-



Morgan waiting to testify

troit law officer, "you'll have 30 people tell you they were in the john at the same time." However un-Samaritan it may seem, the unwillingness of witnesses to go to court is understandable. Witness waiting rooms are grim, if they exist, and court procedures can be exasperating. Getting cross-examined by a zealous defense lawyer is often a fearful experience in itself, especially for rape victims. The typical experience of a witness, says a former head of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, is to be "abused, ignored, attacked. At the end of a day in court, he is likely to feel that he himself is the accused."

In Brooklyn, Mark Feinstein, executive director of Vera Institute's Victim/Witness Assistance Project, admits that intimidation accounts for some no-shows. But more are due to misunderstanding of the criminal-justice system. Lots of people call for a cop to protect them, but, says Feinstein bluntly: "The large majority have no intention of going to court when they make their complaint." To combat disaffection, the Vera program

provides a special reception center for witnesses in the courthouse, free transportation to court, day care for witnesses' children, a "victim's hot line" so prospective witnesses can get instant advice and reassurance. There is even a repair service to board up victims' broken windows and fix damaged locks. Since 1974, the National District Attorneys Association has sponsored victim-witness assistance programs through 68 offices all over the U.S. Other groups, including the Junior League in Chicago, have pitched in, providing encouragement to witnesses. With some success apparently: in one Chicago courtroom the Junior League ladies have cut the number of no-show witnesses in half. But progress is slow where the problem is deep-seated: Vera's Brooklyn project, for instance, has made what Feinstein calls "minor improvements," whittling down the nonappearance rate from 55% to 35% to 40%.

To protect high-risk witnesses, like the ones testifying against organized crime, the Justice Department in 1970 embarked on a Witness Security Program that has cost \$62 million so far. What the Government is up against is shown by a March 1978 report on the fate of witnesses and informers not protected by the program in 50 narcotics-related cases: 45 murders, nine attempted murders, nine death threats and assorted physical assaults.

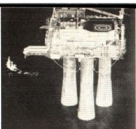
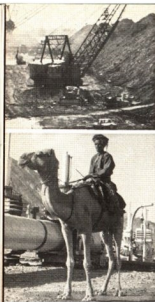
Many states lack the resources to protect witnesses. John Kaplan, a Stanford Law School professor, suggests another alternative: speedier trials and stiffer bail.

"The longer the delay, the more likely the witness will be intimidated. Our lenient bail practices have not helped," says Kaplan, noting that they put the accused back on the street, where he can seek out his accusers. Some district attorneys have proposed a starkly realistic solution: compulsory pretrial depositions, which roughly means getting a witness's testimony quickly on the record. That way, Boston Special Assistant D.A. Thomas Dwyer explains, "if the witness is murdered before the trial, you can use the deposition."

Speedier trials would also help witnesses less patient than Patricia Finck, a Philadelphia A & P cashier who went back to court 46 times to get two stickup men convicted. "After three or four continuances of a case," says Patrick Healy, the executive director of the National District Attorneys Association, "unless you're really a devoted witness, you'll kiss it off. After all, what's in it for you? This business of civic pride goes only so far. And the smart defendant and the smart defense lawyer will delay a case to death."



Neighbor inspects damage from blast intended for Morgan  
*Will the defendant get me when he gets out of jail?*



## Economy & Business

# The Seven Sisters Still Rule

*Five years after the crunch, most oil firms are as robust as ever*

*There's no business like oil business.*  
—C.C. Pocock, chairman of Shell

A few years ago, such Ethel Mermanesque exuberance would have sounded strange coming from the chief of one of world oil's fabled Seven Sisters—Exxon, Shell, Mobil, Texaco, British Petroleum, Standard Oil of California and Gulf.\* Though the sororacy had ruled the international oil trade since it began, the upheaval in the business that started with the Arab embargo of 1973 threatened to end this reign. Flushed with their success in quintupling the price of petroleum, the OPEC countries were about to nationalize their oilfields, which would strip the Sisters of ownership of much of their crude reserves. Some governments talked aggressively of also muscling in on the companies' "downstream" refining and marketing operations. In the consuming countries, meanwhile, the Sisters faced painful marketing adjustments brought on by high prices and, in the U.S., a strong congressional drive to bust the oil majors into many smaller pieces. Worst of all, the companies seemed trapped in an over-the-hill business: all sorts of "experts" were saying that world oil production would peak as soon as the early 1980s,

then start on an irreversible decline.

Instead, five years after the energy crisis hit, the Sisters' power seems unshaken. Politically their clout is reviving: President Carter, who denounced Big Oil on TV only last fall, is now making an all-out effort to sell natural gas legislation that would allow the companies to raise prices and profits. Economically, in the first three months of this year, the Sisters sold 38% of all the oil moving in world trade, about as large a proportion as ever. Rising output from Alaska, the North Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, where they dominate drilling, might even increase their future share. The new production, combined with a slowdown in consumption, has put off the day when the world will start running out of oil to the 1990s, or the early 21st century. Far from being menaced by scarcity, the companies just now must cope with a global glut.

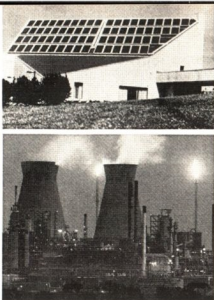
Financially the picture is more mixed. World opinion tends to view them as a monolith, but the companies are quite independent and sharply competitive with each other—although they cooperate in all sorts of joint ventures. They have personalities about as varied as those of seven real-life sisters, and their performance differs too. Right now Texaco and Gulf are suffering through slumps that will be difficult to reverse. Some of the other companies' profits are being held down by a number of factors. Among them: lower sales in Europe and bookkeeping losses

incurred by translating foreign-currency accounts into weakening dollars (if and when the dollar steadies, the Sisters' profits will rise).

Though all the Sisters' sales are more than double those in the embargo year of 1973, when the cheap-oil era ended, only three of the companies earned more profit last year than they did then: Shell, Mobil and California Standard (SoCal), which markets under its Chevron Trademark. And none but SoCal has regained the peaks of 1974, when soaring prices gave them a one-shot windfall by raising the value of petroleum they held in inventory. The later profits from price boosts have gone primarily to the OPEC nationalizers of the oil. But the companies have done a creditable job of maintaining earnings through what amounts to an oil revolution, and for some the outlook is so bright as to make Pocock's optimism seem understated. Once they pass the point at which the rising returns from Alaska, the North Sea and the Gulf of Mexico outweigh the enormous sums they are still spending to expand there, the Sisters will probably confront an unusual new problem for the 1980s: coping with a flood of profit so great that the men in charge literally will not know what to do with it.

All of which underscores the power and versatility that the Sisters gain from sheer size. Different though they are, they all—again like real sisters—show a strong

\*Ranked in order of 1977 revenues. Shell is short-hand for the Royal Dutch/Shell Group, owned by two private companies, The Netherlands' Royal Dutch Petroleum (60%) and Britain's "Shell" Transport & Trading (40%).



family resemblance. They are all vertically integrated companies controlling the flow of oil from well through pipeline and refinery to gasoline pump. All are multinationals; Shell operates in well over 100 countries, Exxon nearly as many.

The Sisters are all so enormous that their own executives find the figures mind-boggling. They fill seven of the eleven top slots in the list of the world's largest industrial companies: General Motors, IBM and Ford are the only U.S. non-oil firms in their class. In size, the Sisters easily match many of the nations they deal with. Exxon's assets (\$38 billion) and Shell's sales (\$39 billion last year) are about equal to the Italian national budget.

Soon after nationalization, the OPEC countries realized they could not compete against the Sisters' global distribution networks; the prospects of Kuwaiti refineries in Rotterdam and Saudi gas stations in Illinois evaporated quickly. Indeed, those countries that had their national oil companies sell crude directly to the world market were usually disappointed with the prices they got and the quantities they moved. So the OPEC countries have negotiated pacts under which the Sisters continue to pump the oil, for a fee, take a guaranteed share for themselves, and buy most of the rest at a fixed price.

It is a cozy arrangement for both sides. The companies to a limited extent can shop around for crude, rather than being tied to the countries where they have tangled concessions. But they still get to sell the oil from those former concessions, and without having to put any money into new wells and pipelines. Case in point: Saudi Arabia, which has bought 60% of Aramco from the firms that created it 45 years ago, Exxon, Mobil, Texaco and SoCal. But the main result, as SoCal Chairman Harold J. Haynes describes it, is that "capital investment will be supplied by the Saudis. We are relieved of that responsibility."

Best of all, the OPEC governments al-

low the Sisters a reasonable profit. Last year the American partners in Aramco earned 27¢ per bbl. on their share of its output (they earned 25¢ in 1971, when they owned all the oil). The Saudis of course pocketed much more, and they are so pleased with the arrangement that they have never bothered to sign an agreement negotiated in 1976 to buy out the remaining 40% of Aramco. The companies are acting as if the agreement were in effect, paying the Saudi government as much as it would get if it were sole owner; thus the Saudis receive all the benefits of 100% control without having to put out money to complete the takeover.

The Sisters nonetheless have stepped up their search for non-OPEC crude—and they had the money to invest large sums in Alaska and the North Sea, where a drilling platform can cost as much as \$1 billion. Those investments are now paying off, and meanwhile world oil consumption has slowed, partly because of a global decline in economic growth, partly because high prices have forced industry to conserve fuel. In the U.S., energy consumption used to rise exactly as fast as gross national product; now it is rising only half as fast.

**T**he resulting oversupply of petroleum has given the Sisters many headaches, but it has helped them deal with a hostile postembargo political climate. Prices have stabilized, and public fury against the companies as alleged conspirators in a plot to create an artificial shortage and drive up prices has subsided. Consequently, the steam has gone out of efforts to break up Big Oil. In Washington, hardly anything is heard today of moves to force the oil majors into either vertical divestiture (splitting production and refining from transportation and marketing) or horizontal divestiture (making them get out of other energy fields, such as coal and uranium).

Still the Sisters have troubles. They must pay far more attention to market-

**From left on facing page: Gulf coal mine in Kansas; Shell pipeline in Oman; California Standard exploration in Alaska; Exxon nuclear plant in South Carolina; Mobil rig in the North Sea; British Petroleum tanker rounding Cape Horn; Shell station in Singapore; Exxon solar panels in Connecticut; BP refinery in Wales; Texaco R & D facility in Texas**

ing these days, since nationalizations have limited the opportunity for raising profits on crude production, and downstream profits are hard to come by in time of oversupply. In both Europe and the U.S., high-priced oil has led to a marketing revolution. All the companies are closing old gas stations and replacing them with fewer, bigger self-service units that pump more gas at a lower price but higher profit per gallon. Nonetheless, all the Sisters are reported to be losing money on European refining and marketing, and profits from chemical operations have been declining because of overcapacity and weak prices. The companies also are incensed by a British move to raise the tax on North Sea profits from 45% to 60%.

Ultimately, the Sisters are dealing in an exhaustible asset: though the day when the oil begins to run out has been delayed, it will come. The companies prudently are putting huge sums into diversification. They own far more coal than firms that specialize in coal mining, are active in uranium production and solar power research. Exxon and Gulf are partners with Cities Service and the Canadian government in Syncrude, a company that will open a plant designed to squeeze oil at last from the famed Athabasca tar sands. The sands, in northern Alberta, have long been known to contain gigantic amounts of petroleum, but up to now the cost of extracting it has not been justified by the price. Some of the Sisters have moved heavily into metals, a field in which their geologists have considerable expertise. Shell produced and sold \$1.2 billion worth of aluminum, copper, zinc and nickel last year, enough to rank

## Economy & Business

it among the top 100 firms on the FORTUNE 500 index even if it had no oil.

Diversification should keep the Seven formidable for the foreseeable future, though their individual fortunes vary:

**EXXON**, the world's largest energy concern, suffered an 8% drop in profit last year, to \$2.4 billion, but only because the weakness of the dollar increased the number of greenbacks that will be needed to pay off its foreign debts. In the first half of this year, however, its net increased 13%, to \$1.4 billion, and the quarterly dividend was raised 10¢ a share, to 85¢. Exxon is a prize example of strength begetting strength. It has bid top dollar on the choicest drilling leases around the world and has participated in all the major new finds; it has a 25% interest in Alaska's Prudhoe Bay fields, and a major stake in the North Sea.

To guard against the day when the oil runs out, Exxon since 1970 has acquired coal reserves of more than 8 billion tons, and now operates several mines. It is also pushing some ventures far removed from oil. For example, early this year it introduced Qyx, a computer-programmed typewriter designed to undersell word-processing IBM and Xerox machines. One indication of Exxon's strength: it plans a staggering \$24 billion in capital expenditures over the next four years, to be financed just about entirely out of its own cash, with little if any borrowing.

**SHELL**, No. 2 in oil and the biggest business of any kind based outside the U.S., increased profits about 9% last year, to \$2.3 billion—almost as much as Exxon earned on far greater sales. Of all the Sisters, Shell seems best suited to benefit from the trend toward getting a larger share of profit from refining and marketing. The firm has long concentrated on those areas, to the point that outside the U.S. it buys around 60% of its crude from other companies. Says Shell's European coordinator Jan Choufou: "Adding value to bought crude is the name of our game."

To that end, Shell has gone farther than any of the Sisters toward "whitening" its production—that is, squeezing more high-profit gasoline, kerosene and other light fuels out of each barrel of crude. It is also profiting handsomely from its 30% interest in the large natural-gas fields in The Netherlands.

**MOBIL** seems to be doing just about everything right. Its profits rose 7.5% last year, to just over \$1 billion, and another 16% in the first half of 1978. Traditionally strong in marketing, it has been leading the swing to self-service gas stations in both the U.S. and Europe; indeed, it was the only Sister to earn a profit last year in the fiercely competitive West German market.

In addition, Mobil has strengthened its position as an oil and gas producer with major interests in the North Sea and Alaska, and has had incredible

luck in the Gulf of Mexico. Last year it sank 28 wildcat wells there and struck oil in 14, a feat about equal to a baseball player hitting .425. Mobil has the most important nonenergy businesses of all the Seven; in 1976 it completed a 100% takeover of Marcor, parent of Container Corp. of America and Montgomery Ward. Last year these subsidiaries earned \$175 million, or 17.5% of Mobil's profits.

**TEXACO** is currently a weak Sister. In 1977 its profits rose 7%, to \$931 million, but in the first half of this year they plunged 28%. Domestically, Texaco stayed far too long with its Louisiana oilfields, where output is now dropping sharply, and overseas it has put too much of its money into Indonesia, where new finds are inadequate to replace the oil being lifted. It missed out on the choicest North Sea tracts, and must now spend enormous sums to develop fields less promising than those tapped by others. It has been drilling wells in Alaska

but it has not yet found oil there.

The self-service marketing revolution caught Texaco with 40,000 U.S. gas stations, many small and inefficient. Though it has reduced the number to 30,000, they still barely match the sales of Shell's 18,000 stations. Texaco, which long boasted that it was the only company to sell gas in every state, is now pulling out of all or part of ten states.

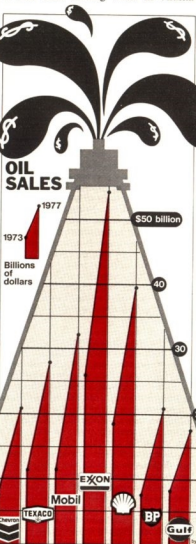
Much of the trouble traces to a conservative management obsessed with secrecy. It goes so far as to send the new employer of most technical people who leave Texaco a gratuitous letter demanding that the new boss not ask the employee to divulge any confidential information. One bright spot: Texaco has been the first to turn up signs of oil and gas in the Baltimore Canyon.

**BRITISH PETROLEUM**, 51% owned by its government, raised operating profits 6% in 1977, but capital-gains taxes cut total net about 10%, to \$531 million. In this year's first quarter, its earnings fell 44%, the probably temporary result of lower prices for North Sea crude and of marketing losses in Continental Europe. BP, which has total operating freedom from the politicians in Whitehall, has long emphasized crude production over marketing. The company produces the "blackest" barrel of oil in Europe—that with the largest proportion of low-profit heavy fuel—and early this year closed its biggest refinery, in Rotterdam, for two months because of poor sales. On the other hand, it has done the best job of any Sister in exploiting new oil finds and cutting itself loose from OPEC. As late as 1970, according to Chairman Sir David Steel, BP got 85% of its crude from OPEC countries; by 1985 the proportion will be down to 25%.

BP is the main developer of the Forties Field, the richest in the North Sea and first to come into large-scale production. In Alaska, a BP-Standard Oil of Ohio partnership controls 50% of present output. BP took Sohio stock in return for the money it invested in Alaska, and now has a controlling 51% share of a company that is a giant in its own right (1977 results: profit of \$181 million on revenues of \$3.5 billion).

**SOCAL**, one of the quietest Sisters, last year raised profits about 15%, to slightly over \$1 billion. This year its net dipped a bit less than 3% in the first half, partly because of higher exploration expenses and lower earnings from Indonesia, where it is a 50-50 partner with Texaco in Caltex. SoCal pulled out of Libya when that country nationalized its oilfields, but still gets crude from Bahrain, Iran, Nigeria, Saudi Arabia (where it was the first to discover oil) and Venezuela.

Domestically it increased exploration outlays 44% last year, to \$232 million, and found oil in Alaska, California, Wyoming and the Gulf of Mexico. SoCal has also bought



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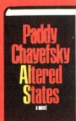


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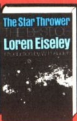
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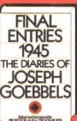
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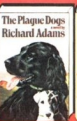
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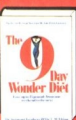
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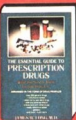


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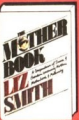


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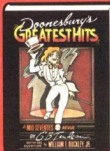
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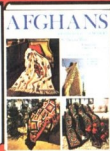
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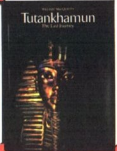
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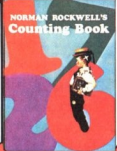
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## FREE TOTE when you join.



20% of Amex, the third largest U.S. oil company; it will start producing uranium in Texas next year, is negotiating to sell heat from geothermal wells in California, and builds houses.

**GULF**, the smallest of the Sisters, is as troubled as any except possibly Texaco. Last year profits dropped almost 8%, to \$752 million, and in the first half of 1978 they fell a further 14%. An overambitious investment program has left the company short of cash and turned up little oil to supplement reserves nationalized in Kuwait and Venezuela. Gulf has no on-shore stake in Alaska and little production so far in the North Sea.

The company diversified too widely too fast, and is now selling unprofitable real estate ventures, including the new town of Reston, Va., and a chain of trailer parks. Its uranium production has brought it a huge headache: lawsuits that could cost it as much as \$1 billion (the company says no more than \$300 million) arising out of its participation in a worldwide price-fixing cartel that Gulf said it was forced by the Canadian government to join. Some help should come from the start of production next year at new North Sea fields, a big oil strike in North Dakota, and acquisition last year of Kewanee Industries, a large chemical company. But Chairman Jerry McAfee does not expect to get the company turned around until he retires in 1981.

**A**s the difficulties of Gulf and Texaco illustrate, nothing is ever certain about the oil business. However, oil analysts expect that, barring world recession or some other jolt, the Sisters in general should reach a new peak of profitability in the years 1979-82. Most will be getting a simultaneous payoff from Alaska, the North Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. Thereafter, they may have difficulty keeping to that level. While there is always a chance of another giant find, the prospect seems to be for deeper and deeper drilling in more and more remote spots to turn up less and less new oil.

Meanwhile, what to do with the money will be a problem. More will be invested in developing new kinds of energy—shale oil, solar power, coal gasification—but the Sisters expect utility-type regulation by governments that will hold down their return. There is still strong sentiment in Congress to limit, though not forbid, acquisitions in non-oil energy fields. Acquisitions of completely unrelated businesses, like Mobil's link with Marcor, probably will be held back both by political opposition and by the feeling of most oil managements that they should stick to fields in which petroleum expertise is useful. One solution would be to sink money into development of all kinds of natural resources: potash, salt, sulfur, phosphates. Another would be simply to distribute more cash to stockholders. In any case, it is a problem many other industries wish they could foresee. ■

## Prepping for Stage Two

*A tough call coming up for Carter on inflation*

**A** bittersweet flavor laced the economic news last week. On the good side, the consumer price index, after racing ahead at an average annual rate of 10.8% in the three months ending in June, slowed down a lot in July, chiefly because of a drop in food prices. On an annual basis, the index rose only 6%, the smallest increase since December. Unemployment also dipped, falling to 5.9% in August from 6.2% the month before. The bad news was that after months of steady improvement the nation's trade deficit in July came in at a scary \$2.99 billion, nearly double the \$1.6 billion gap in June.

Though the Administration has raised its inflation forecast for the full year from 7.2% to 8%, it maintains that the worst of the price surge is past. Yet President Carter is planning to take a tougher stand against rising prices, something that would go beyond his less than effective

plans would be cumbersome but, as public frustration over inflation grows, some kind of TIP seems more and more feasible.

On the trade front, the most disquieting aspect of the July deficit is that it occurred despite a drop of 4.5% in oil imports. Most of the increase in the deficit came from imports of automobiles, machinery and other goods. Though the import flood is expected to ease off eventually, this year's trade deficit will probably hit a record \$30 billion or more. The bad trade news sent gold prices up and all but kayaked a brief comeback of the dollar on foreign exchange markets.

To strengthen the dollar and weaken inflation, the Federal Reserve Board may be forced to raise interest rates still more. The cost of short-term credit has already been kicked up nearly 20% since January; last week major banks lifted their



**Fighting those trade deficits: scene in a New Jersey auto showroom**

*And in Washington, a policy debate in which "all the alternatives are lousy."*

voluntary program but would not, the White House insists, include any form of wage-price controls. Carter's top economic advisers will begin poring over various proposals for a "Stage Two" anti-inflationary program this week. None of them are yet firm and as one Administration planner groaned: "All the alternatives are lousy."

One idea calls for setting up numerical standards similar to the guidelines used in the early 1960s to restrain wages and prices. Other steps under study: two kinds of TIPs or tax-based income policies that must be passed by Congress. One was devised by Economist Arthur Okun of the Brookings Institution, the other by Henry Wallich, a member of the Federal Reserve Board. Okun's plan would give tax credits to workers and employers who hold down wages and prices. Wallich's idea is to impose tax penalties on those firms granting inflationary pay boosts or setting excessive prices. Both

prime lending rate to businessmen a quarter of a point to 9½%—the highest level since February 1975. A really tight credit squeeze could tip the economy into recession, but right now the outlook is for interest rates to peak later this year and begin to drift down in 1979.

Personal income and production have been very strong this summer but the index of leading indicators—which is supposed to foreshadow business trends—turned down in July, the first drop since January. Some slowdown is to be expected, given the high 8% growth rate of the second quarter. Private economists expect growth to slow to a bit less than 3% in the fourth quarter and just over 2% in next year's first quarter and 1% in the second quarter. That adds up to a slump—but no recession. Then the general expectation is for a modest rebound in the second half so that growth for all 1979 would come in somewhere between 2½% and 3½%. ■



# **“Hello, we’ve got the car you ordered, Sir.”**

Once every 32 seconds a car is stolen.<sup>1</sup>

Auto theft is no longer a “cottage industry.” It’s a 1.6 billion dollar a year business.<sup>2</sup>

In 1977, 948,024 cars were stolen. If that seems a meaningless statistic to you, what ought to make it meaningful is the fact that you pay for auto thefts through your insurance — whether your car is stolen or not.

Of course, not all cars are stolen for profit. At least one-third are stolen for "fun." And, while cars stolen for "joyrides" are often recovered, they're rarely recovered in one piece.

Can anything be done to stop auto theft? A number of things:

Lock your car. Some 40% of stolen cars are driven away with the keys owners left in them.<sup>3</sup> In Boston, where 1 in every 35 cars was stolen in 1975, a "Lock-your-car" campaign, run by the National Auto Theft Bureau and supported by many institutions including Aetna helped cut theft 48% in a two-year period.

Install anti-theft devices such as locking systems, out-off switches and security alarms. While less effective against the professional thief, they are a known deterrent to the amateur.

New laws can help. Aetna supports, for example, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's recommendations to make anti-theft devices standard equipment.<sup>4</sup>

We also back the recommendations of a New York legislative committee for identification numbers on car parts most often stripped, licensing of businesses that sell or scrap cars and accurate records kept of all transactions. We urge other states to consider these ideas.

Auto theft can be cut. Auto insurance costs can be controlled. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

## Aetna wants insurance to be affordable.

<sup>1</sup> While private passenger car registration increased 180% between 1949 and 1974, thefts increased a whopping 493%.

<sup>2</sup> There may be worse to come: Auto theft rings have expanded

their operations to offer auto parts—some 20% of cars they steal now wind up in the "cutting factory."

<sup>3</sup> According to a 1978 report from the New York State Senate

Committee on Transportation, 20% of stolen cars have the keys left in the ignition while another 20% have keys "hidden" by the owner on the visor or other places.

<sup>4</sup> Until anti-theft devices become

standard equipment, we urge you to have them installed before other optional equipment that makes cars more attractive to the thief.

For a better understanding of the problem of auto insurance costs and what you can do about them, write Influence, Department N, Aetna Life & Casualty, 151 Farmington Avenue, Hartford, CT 06156.



## Lazard Lands Some Big Ones

*And among them is a "supreme door opener"*

What's in a name? Quite a lot, if the name happens to be Arthur Burns and it belongs to the legendary economist who left the Federal Reserve Board in March after eight years as chairman. Last week, following a quiet little bidding war for his services, the former Fed chief accepted a job as "senior adviser" at the highly influential investment banking firm of Lazard Frères. While Henry Kissinger surely holds the modern pay record for ex-Washington officials in part-time jobs on Wall Street, Burns will do all right for a retired bureaucrat of 74. His retainer: reportedly in the \$100,000 to \$200,000 a year range.

Burns was wooed to the Lazard firm by André Meyer, 80, the firm's longtime senior partner and chief deal maker who retired, at least formally, late last year. But he and his successor, Michel David-Weill, 45, a French-born, fourth-generation member of the founding Lazard family, have scored other recent recruiting coups. Three weeks before the Burns announcement, Lazard startled the clubby world of New York investment

banking by poaching four senior men from a much larger rival, Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb. Among them was James Glanville, 55, a Lehman managing director who is a top specialist in energy-industry financing, and his close friend Ian MacGregor, 65, the former Amex chief and vice president of the International Chamber of Commerce.



Michel David-Weill and New Recruit Arthur Burns

*Forget the "supermarket" approach, go for the deals.*

Though small by major investment-bank standards, Lazard has prospered, mostly by being aggressively traditional. Following a Wall Street fashion, Lehman and other firms have been busy turning themselves into financial "supermarkets" that do everything from securities trading and corporate advice to merger brokering. Yet Lazard has remained a loosely struc-

tured group of partners; it aims to avoid large-volume low-profit activities like brokerage and remain a "deal" firm specializing in big corporate sales and mergers. A recent Lazard achievement: it put together Chrysler's sale of its European operations to Peugeot. While, at larger firms, the earnings from such deals are typically shared by all the partners, at Lazard the partner who brings in a deal gets a big chunk of the profit.

David-Weill has cut Lazard's roster of full partners from 30 to 21. Those remaining, including the best-known of all, Felix Rohatyn, 50, the mastermind of New York City's financial rescue, have agreed to reduce their share of profits to make more money available for recruitment. To move into municipal bond trading, David-Weill hired the top traders at five of the biggest bond houses. Some other heavyweight hires: Frank Zarb, once the Ford Administration's energy czar, and Donald Cook, former chairman of American Electric Power, one of the U.S.'s largest utilities. Both Zarb and Cook were brought in to help Lazard expand as an adviser to foreign governments in arranging large financings.

That was the reason Lazard was so eager to battle Salomon Brothers and other large firms for Burns' services. As an economic adviser to every President since Eisenhower, he has a wide range of powerful contacts abroad. Says one Lazard partner: "He will be the supreme door opener. He knows the heads of all the central banks of the world on a first-name basis. Who is going to refuse a call from Arthur?"

"Exactly what Goldman, Sachs pays the former Secretary of State as a 'consultant' is a secret. But knowledgeable banking sources say that he is 'very, very expensive,' with an annual stipend of \$250,000 or more plus expenses and a fee of \$25,000 to \$50,000 for every appearance he makes on behalf of the firm."

## High Interest

*But the W.T.C.'s not for sale*

To would-be climbers, tightrope walkers, King Kong and New York tourists, it is the World Trade Center, at 1,350 ft. the second tallest building in the world, behind only Chicago's Sears Tower (1,454 ft.). To Germans, the 110-story double monolith looming over Lower Manhattan is a tongue twister: *Das Welthandelzentrum*. The translation is of more than casual interest to the Deutsche Bank of Frankfurt, which in terms of assets (about \$50 billion) ranks fourth in the world, after San Francisco's Bank of America, New York's Citibank and France's Caisse Nationale de Crédit Agricole. The bank has approached the W.T.C.'s owner, the

Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, about buying the colossus for resale to as yet unspecified German clients. The W.T.C. cost \$1 billion by the time it was completed in 1972, and probably would sell for about that much. Though rentals came slowly at first because of an oversupply of office space in the city, they picked up with the recovery following the

1973-75 recession, and the building is now 90% occupied. The Trade Center still remains a drain on the Port Authority, since much of its space was rented at bargain rates and as a result the W.T.C.'s income will not cover its costs for some time. Yet a sale now is unlikely, if only because the Port Authority years ago forcefully proclaimed its need to build—and operate—the W.T.C.

Whatever happens to it, the Germans' approach is another evidence of the craving of foreign capital for a haven in the safe, solid U.S. Deutsche Bank viewed the W.T.C. as a sound investment in prime U.S. urban real estate, a market in which it already has some experience. During the past two years, with other German banks, Deutsche Bank has bought Pennzoil Place and Shell Oil Tower in Houston.



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## "It's like reading a player's mind..."

"Detail is one of the outstanding features of watching anything on the VideoBeam TV. I'll give you an example. I used to play defense so I like to keep an eye on the defensive end. The screen is big enough so you can see him shaping up for

a move before he makes it. It's uncanny — almost like reading his mind."

## "Nobody saw it like I did..."

"For instance, I remember one tackle vividly. It was a rookie corner back playing his first pro game. Everybody had said he's not going to be any good. But I saw in great detail how he handled this first tackle and exactly how he made his move. And I said to myself, 'This guy is good.' This rookie was knocked a few times, but as the year went on he gained superstar status. And I saw all that in his very first tackle. Nobody else did, except the guy who got creamed, because you just can't experience the ferocity of a tackle like that on a tiny TV tube."

## "I can read the name on a golf ball..."

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# Boeing Rolls On

*But not with British wings*

The world has seldom seen such huge international manufacturing alliances as planemakers are now forging. Their aims: to win access to the latest technology, help spread the cost of developing new planes and, not least, to counter nationalistic objections to government airlines buying "foreign" craft. The diplomacy involved can get both complex and testy, as witness the three-cornered negotiations from which Boeing last week came out a big first-round winner.

Boeing sought both British Aerospace wings and Rolls-Royce engines for its new 757, a twin-engine plane that will carry up to 195 passengers on short- to medium-range flights. Simultaneously the British government, which owns the two companies, was being pressed by the French-German-Spanish owners of Airbus Industrie to join them instead in making a narrow-bodied Airbus. Playing a kind of commercial Solomon, Prime Minister James Callaghan tried to win for Britain a piece of both projects.

He let Rolls-Royce make the 757's engines and even agreed to provide government funds to help develop them. He also permitted British Airways, which wanted

a plane with Rolls-Royce engines, to order 19 of the 757s. Meanwhile Eastern Airlines, which has Rolls-Royce powered Lockheed Tristars, ordered 21 planes.

But Callaghan decided against British wings for the 757. Instead, the British Government pursued negotiations to join the Airbus consortium. That might strengthen Airbus as a Boeing competitor—if the British are allowed in. But the French threaten to freeze them out if Britain goes ahead with the Boeing deal. While it must find some other builder for its wings, Boeing can rejoice in having emerged from the dogfight with \$1 billion-plus in orders—enough to assure the 757 a zooming sales takeoff. ■

## Executive View/Marshall Loeb

### After a Slowdown, the Boom of 1981

Very often now, a broad smile creases the lean face of Alan Greenspan, celebrated conservative and inveterate pessimist. He sits at his cluttered horseshoe desk, savoring the glorious view of New York harbor 35 stories below, listening to Baroque music on the stereo as he scribbles intricate calculus formulas that will become models for his computer. "I haven't been so optimistic about the economy's long-term prospects in 20 years," exults Greenspan. To the many clients of his economic consulting firm of Townsend-Greenspan, to the companies on whose boards he sits (Alcoa, Mobil, General Foods, Morgan Guaranty), to the congressional committees that often seek his judgment, Economist Greenspan recites the same startling message: after a couple of slow years ahead, a record boom is coming.

This unusual forecast is worth pondering, for Greenspan has been both gloomy and prescient for almost two decades, ever since he sensed in 1960 that Jack Kennedy and Dick Nixon both were much to the left of Dwight Eisenhower. While other experts saw only endless blue horizons, Greenspan put on a hangdog expression and correctly predicted deficits, inflation, tight money, stock slumps and dollar blahs. Even when he marched off to Washington, taking a pay cut of more than \$300,000, to \$42,500, to serve as chief economist for Nixon and then Gerald Ford, he despaired over the "seemingly unstoppable momentum of federal outlays" that were feeding inflation and starving investment. But now Greenspan perceives an amazing shift in Government, toward reducing spending and raising incentives to invest. The combination, he figures, will lead to a surge in spending for all kinds of capital goods—trucks, test tubes, typewriters and many, many new plants.

"Two or three years ago," Greenspan recalls, "politicians debated whether our capital investment was adequate. Today there is nonpartisan agreement that it is not and that we need increased incentives to create it." Consider the totally unexpected changes in only the past seven months in Congress, which is responding to the will of the people. President Carter sent up a sock-the-affluent tax bill; Ways and Means did not even bother to discuss it, but substituted a bill that would significantly reduce income taxes for people who do most of the investing. On top of that, capital gains taxes would go down. What most surprises Green-



Economist Alan Greenspan

span is that a cut of two percentage points in the corporate tax rate is sailing through Congress—unopposed. Everybody has caught the budget-cutting bug. Jimmy Carter, the born-again conservative, has called for yet another \$5 billion reduction. In addition, California's Proposition 13, which will stimulate investment by cutting business costs, is being copied in many states. "Fiscal responsibility," says Greenspan, "has become a political plus."

He expects the new stringency to squeeze inflation down below 5% by late 1981. Consequently, interest rates will tumble. With inflation, taxes and interest rates all lower, business people will be able to invest in capital goods without demanding abnormally high rates of return to justify their outlays. Because those

"hurdle rates" have been so steep, capital spending has been retarded for years. Just to stay competitive in the world, the U.S. needs to put 12% of its G.N.P. into such investment, but the figure has been 10% since the early 1970s. Result: America's plant is aging and outdated, and a huge backlog of unmet demand for capital goods has built up. In the early 1980s, says Greenspan, capital investment will soar.

"We will see a major expansion in spending for energy conservation and development. For nuclear, solar, shale, sands—all of them. We will get an extraordinary amount of basic research. There will be an awful lot of replacement and modernization across the board—in steel, paper, textiles, chemicals, aluminum. I don't know of a single industry that will not draw enhanced investment."

Getting from here to there will be a rocky trip. For the next couple of years, some inflationary pressures will continue, with demands for outsize wage increases and Government payouts. "But all these," says Greenspan, "will be only the last-gasp aftereffects of the previous decade."

There will be relatively modest economic growth—3.4%—next year, and probably a brief and shallow recession in 1980, hitting bottom that autumn. Though that is not a joyous prospect for Jimmy Carter, Greenspan is not prematurely celebrating any victories for his fellow Republicans. He figures that Democrats, moving with the tide of the people, have shifted fast to the right and co-opted the G.O.P.'s position. But the fellow who is sworn in as President on Jan. 20, 1981—Jimmy or Jerry or Teddy or somebody—will inherit an economy that, Greenspan feels, will rise with a bang.

## No Victor, So No Spoils

*In these games, the idea is cooperation, not competition*

**"V**ampire blob" is a tag game. Any one tagged, with a mock bite on the neck, joins hands with the biter and becomes part of the monster. "The lap game" is even simpler: a crowd forms a huge ring, and everyone sits down simultaneously on the player behind. Though "blob" and "lap" may seem like innocent cavorting, they are serious business to San Francisco's New Games Foundation. An offshoot of a 1973 New Games Tournament, staged by *Whole Earth Catalog* Creator Stewart Brand, the foundation is now a growing national enterprise. Its goal is nothing less than to change the way Americans play, mainly by replacing competitive games with cooperative "no win" pastimes.

Psychologist John O'Connell, 29, codirector of the foundation, wants to see the nation playing less baseball and more blob. Says he: "In traditional team games like baseball, it usually becomes apparent halfway through the game who the winners and losers will be. Then the losers play badly and have a miserable time." But O'Connell and the foundation want to restructure these time-honored sports activities so that everyone plays and no one loses. In a version of "new volleyball," the aim is to keep the ball from hitting the ground rather than to score points by zinging it at the feet of opponents across the net. Says Jeff McKay, a San Francisco teacher and baseball coach who subscribes to the foundation's theory of no winners or losers: "If the game doesn't fit the players, we change the game, not the players."

Assistant Intramural Director Lou Fabian and Student Kathy Evans, of the University of Pittsburgh, have found an ingenious way to curb competitiveness in basketball. Last year they introduced an intramural program in which the scores of both teams were added together. Two opposing teams win a joint victory when their total score is higher than those in other games played at the same hour. The goal of the program is to eliminate scorekeeping altogether.

The foundation's philosophy owes something to the distaste for competitiveness that rose out of the 1960s counterculture. But the "new games" are catching on in the mainstream. The foundation, with an annual budget of about \$400,000, conducts a hundred or more weekend workshops round the country for recreation specialists, educators and health

care professionals; many of them are paid by their employers to learn the new nonwinning ways. Explains O'Connell: "The games are especially popular in the Midwest, where people still have lots of community picnics and family days. They're a lot more fun than spitting watermelon seeds at each other."



**People passing in San Francisco as a new no-win sport**  
*A "tug of peace" and contests designed to end in a tie.*

Another pundit of new games is Sports Psychologist Terry Orlick, 33, of the University of Ottawa. He thinks that the foundation has not gone far enough. He notes, for example, that the foundation's tug of war encourages players to switch sides to prevent a victory. Orlick, in his new *Cooperative Sports & Games Book*, promotes a "tug of peace," in which children are arrayed not in two teams pulling against each other at opposite ends of a single rope, but hauling at various ropes to form stars, triangles and other designs. Orlick has even invented a cooperative version of musical chairs and a tame version of the board game Monopoly, called Community. Says Orlick: "We've become fixated on numerical outcomes of games.

Losers feel rejected, not worthy. The point is to have fun interacting, not to put someone else down."

Agreeing with the foundation, Orlick wants to adapt traditional sports so that all players are equally involved in the action. In volleyball, for instance, he suggests that all six players on a team hit the ball before it goes over the net; and in basketball he encourages more balanced scoring by subtracting the points made by the highest and lowest scorers of each team. Other popular games are manipulated so the final score is a tie.

Such ideas would make a shambles of most American sports programs, geared as they are to encouraging youngsters to test themselves and develop skills through competition. Not to worry, says Orlick: "Those kinds of games will always be around. It's just that we've gone overboard on competitiveness, aggressiveness and the 'me' ethic."

**O**rlick has a point. Little League fathers who abuse their kids for striking out are surely grotesque. So are football coaches who risk crippling a youngster to win a game. But some athletic supervisors see no reason to go overboard in the opposite direction. Says Roswell Merrick, executive secretary of the National Association for Sport and Physical Education in Washington, D.C.: "I can't go the Orlick route. That's extreme. You want to continue to challenge kids. Sure you want to cooperate and have fun, but you never want to not keep score." With proper supervision, he says, competitive games are not damaging to children above the age of 7 or 8. Walter Cooper, head of the health and physical education school at the University of Southern Mississippi, has attended a New Games Foundation workshop and liked its emphasis on involving people of all ages in physical activity. "But," he adds, "the new games are only a leisure pastime and have no

relationship to competitive sports." Says Morgan Wooten, a successful basketball coach and athletic director at De Matha High School in Hyattsville, Md.: "We live in a competitive society. You don't have to win every time, but you have to care about winning. If we don't care, we can become a society of people who don't strive for excellence."

In fact, the "laid back" counterculture opposition to striving seems central to no-win sports. The foundation's John O'Connell insists that the aim is not to win but to catch "the flow." And what is the flow? "Being so involved you lose track of time," he says. "Feeling light, as if in love." Which, as everybody knows, is usually a no-win game. ■

# The \$260 Bloody Mary.

\$260? Ridiculous!

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But rather, with Polonaise Polish Vodka.

Ooops, we mean "Wodka."

Polonaise Wodka has an exquisite quality that retains its own personality even when blended.

And what a blend.

Quite honestly, this recipe does go to extremes.

Start with a good quality food processor or blender, which might well be expensive like the other ingredients in this recipe.

First, off to Spain for four Andalusian tomatoes. Purée until thick. Add a few whole green peppercorns and a wisp of telicherry. Now, on to China for Szechuan peppers. Careful, all you'll need are a few slivers. Next, to Japan for Rakkyo onion juice.

Just a dash. Off to the West Indies for Tabasco peppers, marinated in Spanish wine sherry. England is next, for a few twists of coastal Malden salt. Then to France, for a garnish of Perigordine truffle shavings.

Last stop, India, for a few strands of saffron.

Gently stir with a stick of scorzonera and top with a wedge of Keys lime.

And now, for the ingredient that makes all this effort worthwhile: two ounces of Polonaise Wodka.

Polonaise is the original vodka, created over 500 years ago by master distillers in Poland.

And their recipe hasn't changed since then.

Note: Should you be unable to obtain these ingredients, don't despair. Polonaise will make anyone's Bloody Mary the best.

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After you have one,  
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# Beginning a series, MAN AND



This Macedonian coin, 23 centuries old and never polished, remains as untarnished as the day it was minted.

Its engines whining in the early morning stillness, an overnight jet touches down at Kloten Airport in Zürich, Switzerland. The waiting armored truck pulls up, is loaded, and in brief minutes ten thousand gold coins are on their way to the private safe deposit boxes of Western Europe.

In the American Middle West, an office worker pauses on his way home to buy a bracelet for his wife. It is 18-Karat gold; as beautiful and enduring as the love he wants to express.

At the same time, somewhere beyond the ionosphere, an astronaut, preparing for a space walk, carefully runs his hand over a gold-plated heat shield. It will help protect him from a horrible death.

Brief as its descriptions are, this trilogy says much about man and his gold in this century. He still very much values it above money. It still expresses his deepest emotions. Its unique prop-

erties continue to contribute to his advancing technologies.

One cannot think of gold in the same context as other metals for it contains a combination of characteristics that none other has—lustrous beauty, easy workability, rarity, and a virtual indestructibility. None of the other precious metals has all four. In



Gold, useful today in hundreds of industrial applications, went with man on his most far-reaching adventure. (Photo courtesy of NASA.)

fact, no other substance known to mankind has these four, not even the diamond.

Gold's lustrous beauty needs no elaboration but perhaps its other characteristics do. Its easy workability is known to experts by such terms as low melting point or fine malleability, but it probably makes the point more memorably to say that one ounce could be stretched into a wire 50

miles long or hammered so thin that it covers 100 square feet.

Its rarity, like its lustrous beauty, is also well understood though not often dramatically defined. On this, one should maybe consider that the world pours more steel in an hour than it has poured gold since the beginning of time.

The fourth characteristic, indestructibility, also is not often reflected upon, but it makes gold truly special among metals. Since it does not rust, corrode, or tarnish, gold virtually lasts forever. The coins turned up from a sunken galleon are as bright and shiny as the day they were cast.

In scientific terms gold is just a useful metal. But because of its unique set of characteristics it has become something that touches man and



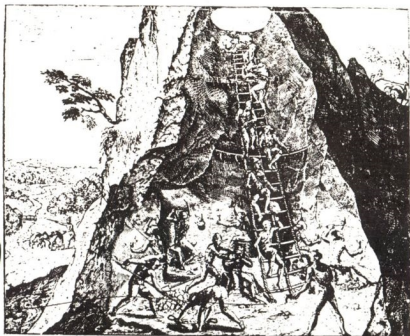
Probably the world's largest solid gold object is the phoenix-shaped bathtub at the Funabara Hotel on Japan's Izu Peninsula. It is 22-Karat gold and weighs 31.3½ pounds.

# HIS GOLD

touches him deeply. Somewhere in his psychological complexity it satisfies an inner longing that is both universal and timeless.

Thus, from the Far East to the Andes, in primitive as well as enlightened cultures, and in both ancient and modern societies, gold has been admired, worn, treasured, and even worshipped.

It has also been sought with an awesome resolve that in the end did much to change man's own life as well as history and sometimes the geogra-



An Old World view of New World mining, from a 16th Century German artist. (Published courtesy of Éditions Robert Laffont, Paris.)

phy of the world. It urged Spanish galleons across a sullen Atlantic and American wagon trains over a rocky Continental Divide. It drew man from his European comfort to a parched Outback of Australia, a trackless Veldt of Southern Africa, and even to a frozen Siberia. Man, seeking gold, often explored new territories, often settled them, and whether he ultimately got his gold or did not, found a new way of life.

According to scholars, man has had over sixty centuries of involvement with gold. It follows that his first

nugget, now some 6000 years old, remains untarnished and exists somewhere. Given the way history has remelted crowns, displaced objects and spawned emigration, that nugget—remelted and recast possibly a hundred times—could actually be in a ring, or watch, or chain that you wear.

*This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information, write to The Gold Information Center, Department TMI, P.O. Box 1269, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.*

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Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

## Trick and Treat

EVERY GOOD BOY  
DESERVES FAVOR

by Tom Stoppard  
Music by Andre Previn

If Tom Stoppard were not a playwright, he would probably be a magician—or a card shark. He delights in illusions and confusions, puns and verbal crostics, taking away with his left hand what he has just given with his right. In *Every Good Boy Deserves Favor*, at Washington's Kennedy Center, he has taken his art to its immediate limit: the play itself is a trick.

Actually, *Every Good Boy Deserves Favor* is not merely a play, but a play for actors and orchestra, and therein lies the trick. One of the two main characters, the mad Ivanov (John Wood), believes that he owns an asylum, and is put in a Soviet insane asylum.

When a new man, Alexander (Eli Wallach), comes to share his cell, Ivanov complains because his coughing spoils the diminuendos. Of course, so far as the audience is concerned, Ivanov does own an orchestra, in this case the 105-member Pittsburgh Symphony, which sits center stage and follows his every command. His lunacy determines even the title of the play: "Every good boy deserves favor" is a mnemonic phrase to help music students remember the notes on a treble clef staff.

Alexander, by contrast, is mad only in the sense that he was rash enough to

protest the arrest of his friends for political activism. If he will recant and confess his error, he can be released whenever he wants. "Your opinions are your symptoms," explains his doctor (Remak Ramsay). "Your disease is dissent."

Who's really crazy? The bestial Soviet state, obviously, and a system that officially turns the sane into the insane and pretends that its own insanity is reason itself. As slyly as if he were pulling a rabbit from his hat, Stoppard has written a play as propaganda, and its anti-Soviet message is all the more effective for its wit and humor. Andre Previn's music, which he himself conducted, is equally witty. Hinting at Prokofiev and Shostakovich, Previn underlines Stoppard's words and adds his own notes of satire. When Alexander, for instance, says that confinement will at least allow him time to read *War and Peace*, the orchestra mocks him with a rousing bar from Tchaikovsky's 1812 overture. When the colonel in charge of the hospital finally makes his entrance, he is preceded by a vulgar outburst from the organ.

As agitprop theater, the theater of propaganda and persuasion, *Every Good Boy* is a conspicuous success. By other dramatic standards, however, it is less satisfactory. Stoppard has always depended on gimmicks, but in his best work, like *Travesties* (1975), he has used them as a starting point to develop characters and situations. In *Every Good Boy* the gimmick has taken over, and the play ends where it began, with a brilliant conceit waiting to be developed. — Gerald Clarke



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John Wood, Andre Previn and Eli Wallach in *Every Good Boy Deserves Favor*

"Your opinions are your symptoms," explains the doctor. "Your disease is dissent."

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Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

## When the Law and the Press Collide

The mighty New York Times has been a melancholy place: its presses stopped by a strike, its newsroom empty; one of its reporters, Myron Farber, yo-yoing between jail cell and court hearings on contempt charges; the paper itself hit by a \$100,000 fine for contempt and a \$5,000-a-day fine for every day it continued to defy a New Jersey court in the same Farber case. To top it all off, in its legal difficulties, the Times seemed to be losing public support and press sympathy—partly because of “terrible coverage,” says A.M. Rosenthal, the paper’s top editor, who fumes because there is no Times to set the public straight.

The Farber case is a complicated legal tangle that lends itself to tendentious simplicities. In lawyers and journalists alike, it seems to bring out the worst in exaggerated rhetoric and absolutist moralizing.

Should Farber, whose reporting led to a doctor’s indictment for murder, be forced to turn over all his files and notes for a judge to look at *in camera*? To do so, argues the Times, would be an offense against the freedom of the press guaranteed by the First Amendment. Not to turn over the files, pleaded the defense lawyer, would be to deny his client the right to a fair trial, guaranteed by the Sixth Amendment. When the First and Sixth Amendments collide, lawyers and judges (being a closed society) tend to take the Sixth. Law, more than the press, they see as an older, basic guarantor of liberty. And wasn’t even Richard Nixon as President forced to give up his papers? Is the press alone arrogantly above the law? Arrogance is a buzz word these days.

To a layman, the Farber case seems less a study in press rights and privileges than in how quickly law rallies around and sustains even a bad decision. Reporters often promise confidentiality to get a story; if they can routinely be made to break such promises in court they become an unwilling “arm of the law.” So in practice some judges have ordered confidential documents surrendered only if three tests are met: that there is a “compelling state interest”; that the evidence sought can be shown to be relevant (“particularity”); and that it cannot be obtained in any other way. But in the Jersey case, the lawyer asked for everything. The judge made no attempt to narrow the request, and when the Times asked for a hearing, he pemptorily turned it down. This is surely arbitrary behavior, but all Jersey courts sustained it—until State Attorney General John Degnan went to the Supreme Court to argue successfully last week that the Times deserved a hearing, and Farber should not be jailed in the meantime.

James Goodale, executive vice president of the Times for legal matters, points out that Nixon got a hearing before turning over his papers. And though U.S. Attorney General Griffin Bell was recently cited for contempt for protecting FBI sources, nobody put him in jail, like Farber, while the appeals went on. Yet a federal judge in New Jersey, refusing to release Farber and calling him “evil,” ruled so intemperately that he didn’t even get his facts straight. The

Farber case seems to have this effect. He had “discovered” that Farber had a \$75,000 advance for a book (though this fact had been mentioned in court records and in the Times); assumed that Farber had been willing to show his publisher materials that he wouldn’t show the judge (he hadn’t); and assumed Farber needed a conviction in the murder case to make the book a success (Farber had turned down a movie offer because it seemed premised on a guilty verdict). Farber “has it in his power, perhaps,” said Federal Judge Frederick Lacey, to get the doctor acquitted; yet if he does, “the book goes down the drain . . . This is a sorry spectacle of a reporter who purported to stand on his reporter’s privilege when in fact he was standing on an altar of greed.”

Strong stuff from a federal judge, and some journalistic defenders immediately got nervous. “Farber ought to throw in his hand . . . [There is] a ring around the collar on his white robes of virtue. It won’t wash,” wrote Conservative Columnist James J. Kilpatrick. “The dollar sign has risen to taint [Farber’s] martyrdom,” wrote Charles B. Seib, ombudsman of the Washington Post—the paper whose Watergate reporters, Woodward and Bernstein, have made more money from investigative reporting converted into books than any other journalists in history. FARBER CASE DULLS THE EDGE OF THE PRESS’S SILVER SWORD ran the headline in the Post over a column by a Pulitzer-prizewinning reporter, Haynes Johnson. Now it was Rosenthal’s turn to get testy. “I wrote Johnson that his piece was the ‘nadir of journalism for 30 years’—accepting what a judge had to say, never checking anybody before he began to vilify,” Rosenthal thinks the whole Jersey judicial establishment is after what one judge called “the imperialistic press.” But says he, “if this goes through, every defense lawyer is going to say, ‘If you’ve got a weak case, try the press.’”

Early on, Anthony Lewis, a New York Times columnist knowledgeable in the law, wrote that if Jersey higher courts are “wise enough to rescue the trial judge from his mistake” and narrow the material sought, “I think the reporter and the paper will face a compelling obligation to comply.” In the emotional atmosphere around the Times newsroom, this was courageous counsel; it also appears to be what the Times is prepared to do.

Several years ago a prosecutor wanted some photographs the Times had not run. A cop had been killed in a Harlem mosque; the police had been lax in photographing the scene. Would the Times supply its pictures? No. The case went to court, the Times lost—and then, without appealing, handed over the pictures. “That was a rare circumstance where the press had the key material,” says Goodale now. In the Farber case, once there is a hearing and a proper narrowing of the evidence sought, that will be the time to take after the Times if it then refuses to comply. Right now arrogance seems a better word for Jersey justice.



"And bring me their heads so I can see what goes on inside them."

# People



Nagy supports Makarova

"My colleagues will hate me for saying it," says Hungarian-born Dancer **Ivan Nagy**, 35, "but the ballet is the original women's liberation profession. It is created for females." The impeccable partner to such ballerinas as **Dame Margot Fonteyn** and **Natalia Makarova**, Nagy is now planning to retire from the American Ballet Theater before weary leg muscles make him earthbound. Pouts Makarova: "He is the most lyrical dancer, and I will miss him." What will Nagy miss the most? "When I am dancing with a woman onstage and it works, I feel that I love her, and that sort of love simply does not exist offstage."

"I missed fighting with **Mike Wallace**," says **Harry Reasoner**. "Safer and Rather are

also top professionals, and I'm sure I'll learn to fight with them too." One of the original co-anchors of CBS's *60 Minutes*, Reasoner is back now as the news show's fourth correspondent, following eight years at ABC. Wallace is ready for Harry's return: "I don't know why he's so anxious to fight with me again—in years past he always lost. Besides, I no longer fight lightweights."

To help out local Republican candidates, **Richard and Pat Nixon** threw a \$250-a-person fund-raising party at La Casa Pacifica, which brought in about \$100,000. Nixon reminisced about his memories of Orange County—the time he proposed to Pat at Dana Point and the days when he practiced law at La Habra. One of the most exuberant guests was **John Wayne**. Greeting the Missus with a bow and a kiss on the hand, the Duke said, "It's great to see Pat up and around and looking happy." As for her husband, the Duke enthused: "I was with the ex-President when he was a winner and a loser and a winner again."

Talk about strange bedfellows. There were Feminists **Valerie Harper**, **Jean Stapleton**



At the San Clemente fund raiser, John Wayne bows to the Nixons

and **Yvonne Brathwaite Burke** clustered around their hosts. **Hugh Hefner** and his daughter **Christie**, who were throwing a \$100-a-plate dinner in support of the Equal Rights Amendment. Reasoned the president of Playboy Enterprises, Inc.: "Playboy is clearly a major factor in the sexual revolution. And clearly the social-sexual revolution is related to the women's movement." Nor were the feminists shy about accepting Hef's hospitality. Said Burke: "The people we have to get to support ERA are some of Hefner's constituents." Apparently his money doesn't hurt, either: his party netted \$25,000.

Italian Film Director **Bernardo Bertolucci** was back in his home town of Parma, scouting locations for his new movie, *La Luna*, starring **Jill Clayburgh**. Seeing perhaps with the eyes of his imagination, the director stumbled over a No Parking sign and broke both his elbows. Not one to let so minor an inconvenience as arm-length casts deter him, Bertolucci was back on the set in two weeks, using a long wooden holder for his view finder. "When I started to direct this film," he said, "I already had a heavy responsibility as director and co-author of the screenplay, and had a part in the production of the film. Now it's an even heavier responsibility with the casts."



Bertolucci prepares to shoot

## On the Record

**Margaret Thatcher**, British Tory leader: "You cannot have national welfare before someone has created national wealth."

**Henry Kissinger**, on his forthcoming autobiography: "I have written a thousand pages, and I am not even through my bachelor days."

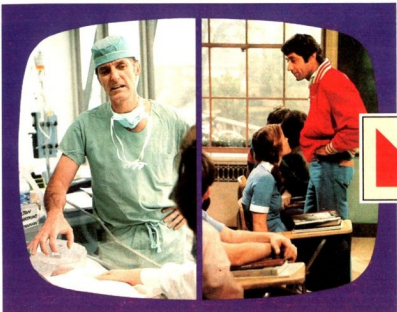
**Gloria Steinem**, speaking to the American Psychological Association: "The average secretary in the U.S. is better educated than the average boss."

**Malcolm Cowley**, literary critic (*Exile's Return, Writers at Work*), on the affinity between writing and drinking: "I don't know that writers as a class drink more heavily than actors, advertising men, painters, one type of salesmen, or any other manics who want to be brilliant and self-assured."

**Theodore H. White**, reporter and author (*In Search of History*), on why he doesn't use a tape recorder for interviewing: "I like to give everyone what I call White's final option—the option of denying they ever said anything to me."

## The 1978-79 Season: I

*Silverman's last-minute shuffle upstages the new series*



A *Lifeline* surgeon; Joe Namath and the kids from *The Waverly Wonders*

As the 1978-79 season gets under way, TV's best show remains unchanged: it is the daredevil, off-screen saga of Master Programmer Fred Silverman. Newly enthroned as president of third-place NBC, Silverman just will not sit still. Last week on the eve of the new season's first premiere, he upstaged the entire industry by ripping up his own previously announced schedule. Silverman changed the prime-time lineup on five out of seven nights, shifting the long-running *Saturday Night at the Movies* to Wednesday and announcing a smorgasbord of "stunts" (movies and specials) for the fall. Says Mike Dann, ex-CBS program chief and onetime Silverman boss: "Never before have there been so many major moves so late in the game. Historically, the networks set the schedules on Washington's Birthday and never changed them. Now they're going to change them daily." Once again Silverman has rewritten the rules of his industry.

The reasons for the last-minute shuffle are not hard to guess. Stuck with weak programs chosen by the previous NBC regime, Silverman was headed for a third-place finish in September. Replacement series now in production will not be ready until January, when Silverman will have new—and no doubt better—material to choose from. He has ordered up roughly 40 pilots since taking over the network in June. In the meantime, explains Danc-



NBC President Fred Silverman

*Rewriting the industry's rules.*

er Fitzgerald Sample's senior vice president Lou Dorkin, "Silverman has to work with what he's got. He has to stunt like crazy and cause as much confusion as possible until his own series are ready to go into place."

The new fall series, by popping in and out of the schedule throughout September, will escape conclusive Nielsen verdicts for

many weeks. This novel stalling tactic typifies Silverman's bold programming.

Though many of Silverman's interim shows sound tired (a two-part *Rescue from Gilligan's Island*), they may fare better than the lameduck series that they will pre-empt. Among them are such rock-bottom offerings as *Sword of Justice* (Sept. 10, 8 p.m. E.D.T.), a contemporary rehash of *Zorro*, and *The Eddie Capra Mysteries* (Sept. 8, 9 p.m.), yet another rip-off of *Perry Mason*. Though *Grandpa Goes to Washington* (Sept. 7, 9 p.m.) has Jack Albertson playing a U.S. Senator, it seems as old-hat as *The*

*Farmer's Daughter*. NBC's principal new sitcom, *The Waverly Wonders* (Sept. 7, 8 p.m.), boasts a surprisingly ingratiating star in Joe Namath, but is otherwise a pale carbon of *Welcome Back, Kotter*.

NBC's one good series is *Lifeline* (Sept. 7, 10 p.m.), a breakthrough show that uses documentary techniques to record the dramas of real-life doctors and their patients. Though marred by heavy-breathing narration and a worshipful view of American medicine, the first episode does present an affecting portrait of a surgeon at work. The show's closeup depiction of operations and lack of continuing characters ensure bad ratings, yet that didn't bother Silverman when he announced *Lifeline* last spring. "You've got to take chances," he told NBC's skeptical affiliates. "*Lifeline* could be the single show on any network this fall that changes the face of prime-time television."

Maybe so, but last week Silverman announced that this series too would do a vanishing act for a whole month after its premiere. If it returns, it will be in a new and tougher time slot (Sundays at 10 p.m.), when it will be opposite *Kaz* and ABC movies. Says one NBC insider: "Silverman has little hope for *Lifeline*; he's taking the coward's way of introducing a show." So much for taking chances.

Once the dust settles from NBC's upheavals, the 1978-79 season may prove to be the most competitive in years. ABC is returning with its winning (and largely Silverman-created) schedule, along with five new series. In *Battlestar Galactica*, premiering Sept. 17, it has the fall's only sure ratings blockbuster. An elaborate space fantasy starring *Bonanza*'s Lorne Greene, the show's special effects are the work of *Star Wars* wizard John Dykstra. But CBS has its strongest lineup since Silverman left that network in 1975. It remains to be seen whether ABC's new and untested programming chief, Anthony Tomopoulos, can beat back a serious challenge from his competitors.

Still, some things never change, in-

cluding all three networks' conviction that audiences like characters whose names begin with a hard *k* sound. While Kojak and Columbo have retired to reruns, their places will be filled this fall by such heroes as Kaz, Eddie Capra, Jack Cole (*Sword of Justice*), Joe Casey (*Waverly Wonders*), Joe Kelley (*Grandpa*) and even Professor Charles Kingsfield Jr. (*Paper Chase*). It's enough to drive a viewer crazy.

Three good shows:

*The Paper Chase* (Sept. 9, CBS, 8 p.m.). All summer CBS has been touting *The Paper Chase* as its classiest new program. One can see why. Well acted and produced, this series has a highbrow setting (a law school), a prestigious star (John Houseman) and harpsichord music on the sound track. As if all this were not proof enough of culture, the first episode contains not one but two 25¢ words: "contradistinction" and "propitious." PBS would kill to have a show like this.

Nonetheless, *The Paper Chase* is unlikely to tax the minds of viewers. Based on a negligible 1973 movie (which won Houseman an Oscar as best supporting actor), the series is a high-minded exercise in old-school TV sentimentality—a sort of *Teacher Knows Best*. Houseman plays a legendary professor whose stony exterior belies a heart as big as a lecture hall. He is surrounded by a bevy of students (one farm boy, one city slicker, one feisty woman) who try to curry his favor and share his wisdom. Since the first episode recounts virtually the entire plot of the movie, *The Paper Chase* may have nowhere else to go except oblivion. CBS has put it opposite ABC's killer hits, *Happy Days* and *Laverne & Shirley*,



**Lorne Greene (center) leads the human race to safety in *Battlestar Galactica***  
*Riding the Star Wars comet to surefire blockbuster ratings.*

and that is a far from propitious sign.

*Kaz* (Sept. 10, CBS, 10 p.m.). Ron Leibman is a brash and at times abrasive character actor who does not have what it takes to be a movie star. The small screen is another matter. TV audiences adore performers who burst into their living rooms like loudmouthed relatives. Though such actors as Peter Falk, Telly Savalas, Robert Blake and Carroll O'Connor never caused a sensation in movies, they all made it quickly to TV superstardom. Thanks to *Kaz*,

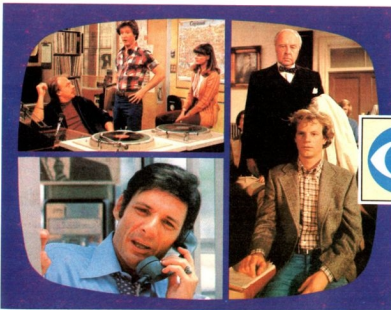
Leibman will soon join their ranks.

*Kaz* is a street-wise ex-con who got a law degree in jail and now defends the poor and downtrodden. His legal methods are pushy, his language rough, but you can be sure he gets results for his clients. Smartly enough, the series' creators have also provided the hero with a perfect foil: Patrick O'Neal as an elegant corporate lawyer who takes *Kaz* into his firm. Whenever it seems that Leibman might burn a hole in the tube, Old Pro O'Neal trots out to cool things down.

*WKRP in Cincinnati* (Sept. 18, CBS, 8 p.m.). If this Mary Tyler Moore production can maintain the level of its premiere, it will be the funniest series to hit prime-time TV since *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* itself. Set at a money-losing radio station that dumps its "elevator music" format for top-40 rock, *WKRP* is a sitcom dream. Its laughs derive from character rather than contrived gags; its cast is an ensemble of inventive comic actors. The first episode, which establishes the premise and players with dazzling efficiency, is an almost steady howl.

In the *MTM* tradition, *WKRP* is about the modern American family: people who work together rather than live together. Among the station employees are the hip new program director (Gary Sandy), a shamelessly corrupt ad manager (Frank Bonner), and a prissy newscaster obsessed with hog futures (Richard Sanders). If there is a standout performer, it is Howard Hesseman as a fading deejay who falls asleep during his own broadcasts. Hesseman gets so many laughs that even the show's typically effusive laugh track cannot keep up with the pace.

—Frank Rich



**Clockwise from top left: *WKRP in Cincinnati*, *The Paper Chase*, *Kaz***

*Heading toward the most competitive three-way race in years.*



Vacationers paddling on an idyllic inlet linking two lakes in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area of Minnesota

## Environment

### Storm over Voyageurs' Country

*It's canoe against motorboat in Minnesota's lake country*

It extends much farther than the eye can see: a great tapestry of shimmering blue lakes and islands forested with silver birch, black spruce and majestic red pines. Eagles and ospreys wheel overhead, while moose and wolves roam the woods as they did in the days of the 17th century voyageurs. Crystal-clear lakes teem with enough trout and walleyed pike to make even the fishing novice feel like the compleat angler. At dusk the call of the loon is heard.

Now the peace of this magnificent million-acre northern Minnesota tract, known prosaically as the Boundary Waters Canoe Area (BWCA), has been broken by a bitter environmental dispute. Like many land-use arguments raging across the country, it pits dedicated environmentalists (many of them city dwellers), who want to save the

wilderness at all costs, against country folk, who feel jobs and recreational activities must be preserved as well. For a look at what Minnesotans are calling the battle of the canoe vs. outboard, TIME Correspondent Madeleine Nash toured the combat zone by car, on foot and, of

course, by motorboat and canoe. Her report:

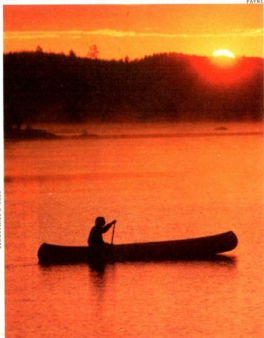
Ely, Minn. (pop. 5,000), just outside the wilderness area, is normally a quiet, friendly town. But lately residents have been in a surly mood. SIERRA CLUB KISS MY AXE and NO SKIDOO NO CANOE, proclaim bumper stickers. A group of snowmobilers who whined into the forbidden area two winters ago and were promptly arrested are now local folk heroes dubbed the Ely Ten. The strife has also been marked by violence: car windows have been broken, tires slashed and 200-year-old trees felled to block access to the canoeing paradise.

Most of Ely's outdoor-loving people demand unrestricted use of "their" wilderness, including the right to crisscross it in snowmobiles and outboard-powered boats. As a local insurance man puts it: "Why should we be locked out of an area we love?"

One of the few residents who disagree is Author Sigurd Olson, 79,



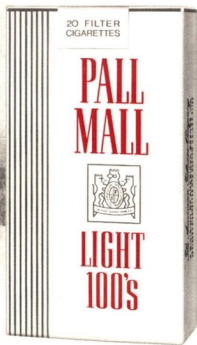
A common loon nesting



Old Indian pictograph of moose



# NEW! PALL MALL LIGHT 100's



**The most flavor you can get in a low tar cigarette!**

**Only 12 mg. tar  
1.0 mg. nic.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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author of *The Singing Wilderness* and *The Hidden Forest*. A trim, white-haired outdoorman, he has been fighting for six decades to keep the BWCA free of mechanized intrusion. Says he: "Motors of any kind are a violation of wilderness values."

For all the efforts of environmentalists, the BWCA has long been roiled by Evintrudes and Johnsons. Even after it was included in the 1964 National Wilderness Preservation Act—making it by far the largest region of its kind east of the Rockies—logging and motorboating continued under an amendment sponsored by the late Senator Hubert Humphrey. But lumbering has since been voluntarily suspended and will be permanently outlawed under legislation slowly making its way through the political thickets of Capitol Hill. So environmentalists are now concentrating their ire on the remaining target: motorized recreational vehicles.

Under a bill passed by the House, only 17% of the region's water surface would be left for motorboating, though outboards would still be permitted in the 2 million acres of adjoining lakeland in Superior National Forest. The rules would be still tougher against snowmobiles, with the vehicles barred from all recreational areas except two corridors leading to Canada.

**R**esidents of northern Minnesota are strongly opposed to the bill, leveling much of their anger at its co-sponsor, Representative Donald M. Fraser, the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party's nominee for the U.S. Senate seat being vacated by Muriel Humphrey. But they are also annoyed by Minnesota's other U.S. Senator, Wendell R. Anderson. He had been counted on to champion fewer restrictions in the BWCA, but recently threw his support behind a tougher compromise bill, scheduled for a Senate vote this month, that also cuts back on the use of motorized vehicles.

Insists a local leader, Lenore Johnson: "Motors and snowmobiles do not harm the environment—they only offend the elite canoe purists." Outdoor Equipment Supplier Woods Davis says that he would lose half of his business if he could not rent motorboats to vacationers. Adds John Chelensnik, an Ely fishing diehard: "I go to the woods every weekend. In one eight-hour day I can go eight times as far as a canoeist can. That's important."

Forester Miron Heinselman replies that if motorized vehicles are permitted, the BWCA will no longer be a true wilderness: "Solitude and silence are the essence of it." Janet Green, an ornithologist from Duluth, says that the noise of a motor there is like screaming in church, almost a profanation.

Few partisans on either side are willing to budge. The other weekend 300 local residents blocked access roads to the BWCA with cars and pickup trucks. "Our vacation is rather ruined," complained one frustrated canoeist. Retorted a protester: "Our lives are rather ruined." ■



Two freshmen in Cambridge, Mass., at the most expensive school in the U.S.: M.I.T.

## Education

### Now, \$30,000 Diplomas

*College costs, up 77% in a decade, are still soaring*

**L**ong before the first dormitory opened to signal the start of a new academic year, tens of thousands of parents had received those familiar and depressing envelopes with word from the college of their offspring's choice: tuition, room and board. All due immediately.

Naturally college bills this year turned out to be the highest ever. The average cost of education at a four-year private college has increased 6.1% over last year and has soared 77% since 1968. And for the first time, at some of the most prestigious private institutions, tuitions alone have edged up past \$5,000—not including the spiraling costs of food, housing, books, transportation, plus a little entertainment on the weekends. These necessities, on the average, add around \$2,500 to the final tab, though prices vary wildly from school to school and from student to student.

The 1978-79 cost of the ten most expensive undergraduate schools in the U.S., including tuition, fees, room and board:

M.I.T.	\$7,630
Bennington	7,540
Harvard	7,500
Yale	7,500
Sarah Lawrence	7,440
U. of Pennsylvania	7,300
Stanford	7,299
Brown	7,225
Princeton	7,217
Dartmouth	7,180

While the figures are staggering, there are still a few ways at least to soften the college tuition crunch. The College Board notes that almost any family, even one with a gross income in excess of \$35,000 a year, might be eligible for some combination of grants or loans, depending on the number of children in college, among other financial considerations.

Families can also turn to state schools. Many public colleges offer splendid education for less money, but not all that much less. This year the University of Delaware actually cut its tuition for in-state residents by \$60 in order to attract more students. But overall costs at public four-year colleges have climbed almost as much as they have at private institutions during the past decade. Though tuition, room and board at public colleges average around \$2,000, many run quite a bit higher. Samples: the University of Vermont (\$3,192), the University of Wisconsin (\$2,583), the College of William and Mary in Virginia (\$2,804), and Southern Oregon State College (\$2,411).

Relief of a sort may also be on the way from Washington. After months of debate, Senators and Representatives are now in the final stages of approving a tuition tax credit scheme. If it passes—and then survives threats of a presidential veto—parents could write off as much as \$250 a year for each member of the family enrolled in college. By 1980, that credit could be as high as \$500. And so it goes. ■

# Did you miss these stories?



Cubans Infiltrate C.I.A.



'PBB' Sending Cattle to the Slaughter.



Jennings in the Air—Meets Historic Balloon.

## Then you should be watching ABC's



"I can manage Adolf Hitler..."

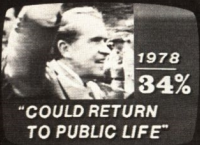


"Are you putting Reggie in the same class...?"

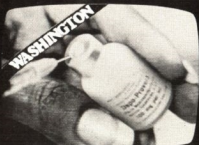


Proposition 13—Civil War on Our Hands?

## World News Tonight—fast becoming



ABC/Harris Poll—Nixon Creeping Back into Favor.



New Contraceptive—Shot in the Arm.



# the most watchable news on TV.

## Musical Chairs for the Maestros

*From New York to Los Angeles, batons are changing hands*

It goes in spurts. For years major U.S. orchestras are under the baton of an established conductor. Then one or two podiums open up, and suddenly a game of musical chairs is under way. Right now that game has never been livelier. Antal Dorati has taken over in Detroit, leaving Washington, D.C.'s National Symphony to Mstislav Rostropovich. St. Louis has plucked young American Leonard Slatkin from New Orleans. San Francisco selected Edo de Waart from Rotterdam, after Seiji Ozawa relinquished that post to concentrate on his other job in Boston. Minnesota has grabbed two top Europeans: Britain's Neville Marriner as music director and Germany's Klaus Tennstedt as principal guest conductor. Los Angeles is easily the high roller in the game. It has captured Carlo Maria Giulini, 64, an Italian who is considered a master among maestros—but after having lost Zubin Mehta, 42, to New York.

The Mehta move was the grandest, most publicized stroke of all: his appointment as music director of the New York Philharmonic to succeed avant-garde composer and conductor Pierre Boulez. Not everyone in New York was delighted. Boulez had been a cool, ascetic leader. Mehta, by comparison, had a reputation for more gloss than substance. There was the question of his repertoire, which stressed Tchaikovsky and Strauss to the detriment of the early classics. Finally there was his famous contretemps with the Philharmonic. In 1967 he enraged the New Yorkers by reportedly declaring that his own Los Angeles Philharmonic was better, that New York musicians were an ornery bunch, and that he wasn't interested in succeeding Leonard Bernstein, who was about to retire.

Mehta has yet to conduct a subscription concert—the first will be next week—and he is proceeding cautiously in his new town. But his celebrated gaffe, at least, is "practically forgotten, from the time I was a guest conductor in 1974," says Mehta. "That was when I went on the stage and apologized." He is now very glad to be in New York. "New York is the center of the musical world, and I felt that I should move there now rather than at age 55 or so," he says.

His new musicians are equally happy. Says Concertmaster Rodney Friend: "There's a feeling in the or-



**New York Philharmonic's Zubin Mehta**

*A pent-up emotion that electrifies.*

chestra of the beginning of a very exciting and productive period." Others feel that Mehta is an antidote to Boulez's asstringency, and that he will bring back some of the fire of the Bernstein days. "Boulez was not trying to reach the audience with spontaneous feeling, or luscious phrasing," says Violinist Oscar Ravina. "We'll be coming closer to that kind of thing with Mehta."



**Carlo Maria Giulini, music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic**

*"We've lost a Hercules, but we're getting a god."*

That positive start shows in Mehta's first rehearsals. He radiates pent-up emotion that electrifies the orchestra. In certain lyrical passages, as in Prokofiev's *Suite from "Romeo and Juliet,"* he almost stops conducting, falling into a dreamy, swimming motion. At more dramatic moments, however, he will step smartly forward, as if charging directly into the music. Startled, the players give him the taut line that he wants.

Mehta, born in Bombay, studied conducting at the Vienna Music Academy. He took over the Los Angeles Philharmonic at 26, the youngest man at that time to lead a major American ensemble. In his 16-year tenure there, Mehta made a few memorable mistakes, one an embarrassing rock-classical concert. But Mehta's star quality and hard work helped to mold his musicians into one of the country's top orchestras.

His first season's repertoire in New York includes lots of familiar fare, and he plans no major overhaul of the Philharmonic. "Innovation," he says, "happens as you go along." He will spend 18 to 22 weeks a year in New York, living with his wife Nancy on Manhattan's East Side. Another twelve to 14 weeks will go to his beloved Israel Philharmonic.

The Los Angeles musicians will miss Mehta, but they can't seem to lose these days. They have inherited an unsurpassed replacement: Giulini, whose mystical readings of music sometimes seem inspired by communion with the composer. Says one Los Angeles Philharmonic staffer: "You could say that we've lost a Hercules, but we're getting a god."

For years, Giulini has refused musical directorships of orchestras because of his intense dislike for the attendant administrative and social duties. In America, he has been known primarily for his 23

years as a guest conductor with the Chicago Symphony. Los Angeles won him by offering freedom from paper work, a lighter-than-usual five-month load, and a blank check. A tall, slim, aristocratic man, Giulini is the rare maestro who is truly loved by his musicians. They may grumble about his perfectionism or his occasionally erratic tempi. But, says Victor Aitay, Chicago's co-concertmaster, "he approaches music as a religion, like the devoted Catholic he is. He feels his belief so convincingly that it seems to us that this is the right way to play."

Giulini plans one major innovation for Los Angeles: additional chamber music. Modern music will be left to guest conductors. Says he: "I don't feel at ease with music I don't

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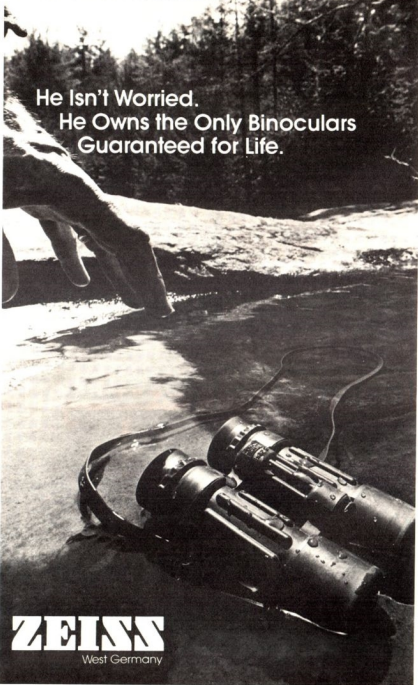
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understand." Giulini and his wife Marcel-la will live in Beverly Hills; there will be none of Mehta's social panache. Says Giulini: "I have lived like a bear for years, isolated with my music."

Giulini and Mehta illustrate strikingly the contrasts in modern conductors: the older, painstakingly schooled musicians who served a long apprenticeship before emerging into public view at about the age of 40; and the young jet-age, learn-as-you-go conductors who have more commitments than time. The same contrast holds true among their recently appointed colleagues. The new faces:

► Edo de Waart, 37. Following Ozawa in San Francisco has not been easy for De Waart. Ozawa is a spellbinder and a colorist. De Waart, who will continue with the Rotterdam Philharmonic another year, is a solid, serious musician. He programs lots of the classics, Mozart and Haydn, but also likes such modernists as Berg and Bartok. "None of the young conductors has a wide repertoire, but De Waart is anxious to learn and that separates him from the rest," says Milton Salkin, president of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. De Waart is not worried: "Herbert von Karajan once said it takes ten years to be a conductor and another ten before one is a good conductor. O.K., I've conducted almost twelve now. That makes me a conductor. I'll try to become a good one in San Francisco."

► Leonard Slatkin, 35, grew up professionally with St. Louis. Before his stint as music director of the New Orleans Philharmonic, he had moved upward through the conducting ranks of the orchestra he will now head. He is an inventive programmer who likes little-known American works and singles out the less popular symphonies of the major composers. Slatkin's weakness, musicians feel, is his tendency to skim the surface of music and his awkwardness on the podium. Still, he and St. Louis know each other intimately and should grow together.



Detroit's Antal Dorati



St. Louis's Leonard Slatkin



Minnesota's Klaus Tennstedt

► Antal Dorati, 72. The elders of the Detroit Symphony needed someone who "could turn the orchestra around" when they picked Dorati. He has wasted no time planning several festivals, an international tour and a batch of recordings. "Detroit had not traveled much and had made no recordings in well over a decade," says the maestro. "I am the archenemy of that kind of routine." Dorati is an old-school, tremendously versatile conductor whose artistic innovations are matched by his administrative skill. "Mr. Dorati could even run General Motors," says President Robert Semple. That is the ultimate Detroit accolade.

► Neville Marriner, 54, and Klaus Tennstedt, 52. Minnesota is lucky. It has landed two men who have gained formidable international reputations in a relatively brief time. Marriner, conductor of London's Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields chamber orchestra, has "charm and wit and intellect," says one London observer. His 200 recordings, many of Baroque music, have pleasingly brisk tempi and a gay, intimate sound. As music director, Marriner will bring his favorite Haydn and Mozart to Minnesota; his weakness may well be that specialized repertoire. But, says he, "if you want to have any impact as musical director, then you must take along the repertoire for which you were hired."

Tennstedt will offer a complementary repertoire as principal guest conductor, favoring Bruckner, Strauss and Mahler. The former director of the State Orchestra in Schwerin, Tennstedt has a fluid line, springy beat and a confident technical mastery. He has never formally studied conducting. "Oh, you can learn tricks," he observes. "But the contact with an orchestra? You must have it."

Contact with audiences is essential too. As this round of musical chairs comes to an end, people will be hearing familiar orchestras under new leadership. It promises to be an exciting time.



Neville Marriner, Minnesota's newly appointed music director



Edo de Waart, who has taken over in San Francisco

*It takes ten years to become a conductor and another ten to become a good conductor.*

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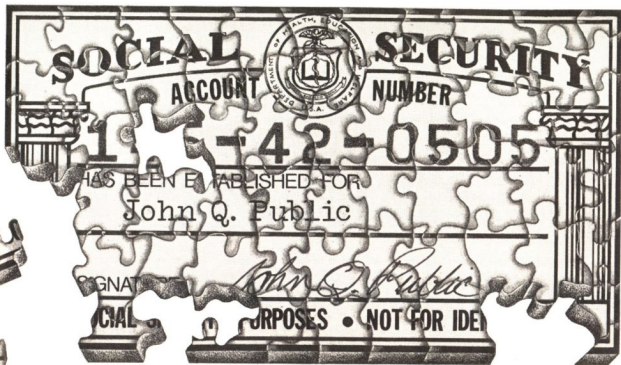
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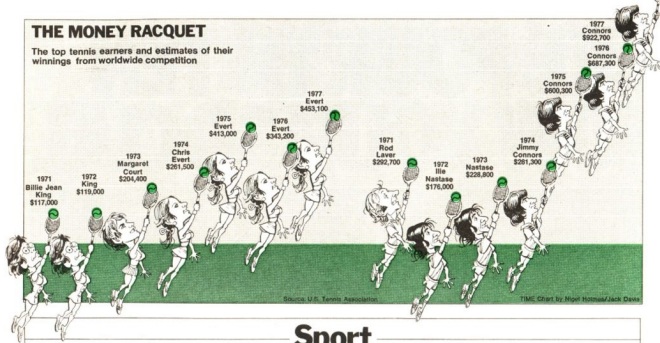
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## Sport

### New Home for a Troubled Game

*After a decade, open tennis is becoming, well, decadent*

It was the usual time: the last week in August and the first week of September. The usual people were in attendance: Grand Slam Candidate Bjorn Borg with a fortune in endorsement insignia to grace his tennis togs; new women's No. 1 Martina Navratilova with a fortune in gold jewelry to adorn her now-winning form; Chris Evert with a list of crack hairdressers for prematch sprucing up; Vitas Gerulaitis with a list of ear-splitting discos for post-match winding down; Evonne Goolagong stayed home with her baby; Jimmy Connors brought his mother along. Only the place was unusual: the U.S. Open Tennis Championships, better known to generations of players and fans as Forest Hills, was under way at a new site in Flushing Meadow, Queens, N.Y. After more than half a century, the small New York community that, like Wimbledon, gave a nation's tennis title its name, had vanished from the tennis vocabulary.

Forest Hills—abandoned in favor of bigger gates at the new 25,500-seat facility—is the most prominent casualty of the tennis boom. In the ten years since amateurism gave way to open competition, and open compensation, under-the-table payments have been replaced by out-of-this-world purses, and country-club courtliness has been supplanted by locker-room epithets. With \$12 million at stake this year on the men's tournament circuit and another \$5 million up for grabs on the women's tour, a bad call by a linesman is worth money—not to mention a few choice words. However offensive the be-

havior of the modern mercenaries, other, more serious problems confronted the sport as it moved into its new National Tennis Center on the grounds of the 1939 and 1964 New York World's Fairs.

At the end of a decade of undisciplined expansion, growing pains have begun to set in. On the eve of the U.S. Open, 15 former tennis greats—among them Fred Perry, Tony Trabert, Vic Seixas, Roy Emerson and Alice Marble—put their names to a two-page warning in a major tennis magazine, cautioning young players against the excesses of recent years. "The huge financial rewards you've received... were undreamed of when we were in our primes," the elders wrote. "How have you repaid it? By debasing tennis—its standards, its traditions, its reputation—and jeopardizing its future... Tennis must clean up its act..."

In the oldtimers' view, a vision shared by many in tennis, money alone has not been the root of such evil; indeed, they consider the closet professionalism of the past to have been much worse for the game. But they fear that an overabundance of lucre has choked off thoughtful cultivation of the sport's foundations. Banned from such prestigious but amateur-only events as Wimbledon and Forest Hills, professional tennis players once barnstormed in station wagons to play for a cut of the gate at a high school gym. Today's stars are not only welcome at the big-name championships, they are free to jet from high-paying tournaments to still higher paying exhibitions to the strato-

spheric payoffs of staged-for-TV challenge matches. Once Jack Kramer, Lev Hoad, Pancho Gonzales and Ken Rosewall dreamed of an organized tour circuit that would provide steady income to pro regulars. The current Big Three—Borg, Connors and Argentina's Guillermo Vilas—can now ply their trade on two multimillion-dollar tours, Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis and the Grand Prix circuit. However, this year none of them has designed to play in enough W.C.T. and G.P. events to qualify for the \$2 million bonus pool for top players; they can make more money on the outside.

The preference for easy exhibition money over the demands of playing through a grueling tournament has littered the tennis calendar with nonscheduled two-man events and, too often, left promoters and sponsors with literally empty nets. Without top tennis names in the tournaments, gate sales slump and sponsors disappear. Late withdrawals to rest or to nurse phantom injuries—only to have fallen heroes turn up at an exhibition in Puerto Rico, not an orthopedic ward—have become common. As a result, corporations once eager to hitch their brand names to the tennis bandwagon have begun to have second thoughts. American Airlines sponsored a G.P. tournament for five years, putting up \$225,000 in prize money and another \$50,000 in promotion. But the absence of big-name players gradually undermined the event's allure, and the airline now refuses to sponsor the tournament next year.

It is a pattern that could be repeated—often. Says Jack Kramer: "If you want to rest, fine. But if you're so tired you can't play in tournaments, how can you go to three cities for exhibitions? The big at-

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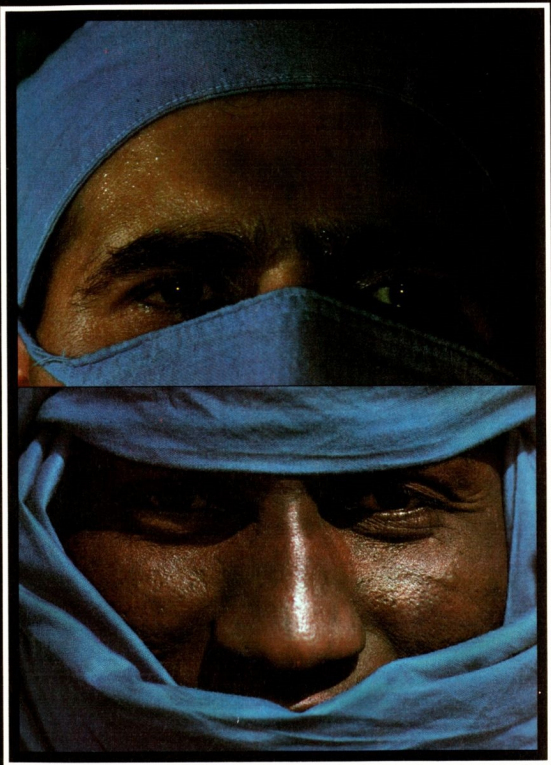
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**Vitas Gerulaitis with Rolls-Royce**

*The good life vs. the good of the game.*

tractions, the top five or six guys, are marauders, using TV to play exhibitions and selling out to marketing devices."

Arthur Ashe, winner of the first U.S. Open in 1968, likewise decries the new superstars' lack of loyalty to the game. As an amateur, Ashe earned \$28 a day for his ten-day stint at Forest Hills, while the beaten finalist, Pro Tom Okker, took home a check for \$14,000. Says Ashe: "Only when the players take it upon themselves to assume responsibility for the circuit and the health of the game as a whole will we have coherence. Right now we've got some greedy players at the top who do whatever they please, entering tournaments late, asking for illegal guarantees."

The Justice Department has periodically examined the intertwined business interests of pro tennis for anti-trust violations. Often the same men have painted both sides of the tennis fence. Promoters fumed at the power of Lawyer Donald Dell, who served both as agent for a number of top players and as legal adviser for the Association of Tennis Professionals. Tournament directors, such as Jack Kramer, doubled as circuit organizers. The Federal Communications Commission and a House committee have looked into CBS's bogus \$250,000 "winner-take-all" match between Connors and Ilie Nastase (in which Connors actually was guaranteed \$500,000 and Nastase received \$150,000). Far more serious are charges of players' defaulting and

"tanking," or purposely losing matches. Occasionally, players who lose early in singles expend less than full effort on their doubles matches with the aim of squeezing in a few days of rest or practice on a faltering serve.

**N**astase, currently under a 90-day ban for his loathsome court behavior, threw the finals of the 1975 Canadian Open Championships after a linesman's call went against him in the first set. Nastase sleepwalked through the final sets, winning but one game, and was fined \$6,000 for "not using his best efforts." But in other sports—remember baseball's Black Sox?—he might well have been banned for life for throwing a game.

For all its internal woes, the quality of play in the decade since tennis went open has become the best in the history of the game. No longer are players required to banish themselves from the top tournaments in order to earn an honest living. Kramer remembers: "If you took money under the table, you were violating IRS regulations, but the minute you did it honestly and legally, you were out of the big tournaments. It was a cruel system. You'd win Wimbledon and the next time you'd go back, you couldn't get into the locker room. The minute you turned professional, they'd take away your honorary membership in the All-England Club."

Instead top young amateurs today can count on early honing against the sport's best. And the parade of youngsters eager to enter the pro ranks of this newly lucrative sport has become a stampede. John McEnroe, at 18 the youngest semifinalist



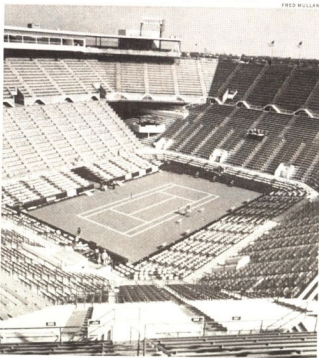
**Martina Navratilova with Wimbledon trophy**

*The new No. 1 is on the gold standard.*

in Wimbledon history, tossed over a scholarship to turn pro. His earnings, \$68,432 to date this year, are far from Borg's \$550,141, but considerable for a kid who, not so long ago, survived on an allowance. At 15, Tracy Austin remains an amateur, but one sign of coming times is the fact that she is seeded No. 5 for the U.S. Open.

In many respects, the new National Tennis Center at Flushing Meadow typifies the change in the game itself. Built with U.S. Tennis Association financing for \$9.5 million, it will pay for itself in short order: \$6.5 million was donated to U.S.T.A. coffers by CBS in exchange for rights to televise the tournament for three years. Flushing Meadow is glass and concrete modern, not Forest Hills grass and Tudor. Jets from nearby La Guardia Airport roar overhead. And that most crucial modern convenience—enough restroom space for thousands of tennis fans—is in ample supply.

The only question that remains unanswered about Flushing Meadow, indeed about the state of the sport, is simply: Can it last? Without care and moderate use, the answer is, most probably, not long. "When you walk around Wimbledon," Arthur Ashe says, "you somehow get the feeling that it's going to be there 100 years from now. This place, they'll tear it down in 50 years and build another one." Tennis—at least big-time tennis as it is practiced now—has far less time to put its house, even a plush one like the Taj in Flushing, in order. ■



**Main Stadium at \$9.5 million National Tennis Center in Flushing Meadow**

*Forest Hills disappears from the lexicon in favor of bigger profits.*

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## Milestones

**DIED. Robert Shaw, 51,** fiery character actor, novelist and playwright who parlayed his rugged good looks and powerful screen presence into late-blooming Hollywood stardom; of a heart attack; in Tourma-keady, Ireland. Shaw wrote five novels, critically acclaimed in his native Britain, and rewrote one, *The Man in the Glass Booth*, as a successful Broadway play directed by Harold Pinter. But he was best known as an actor, first on the London stage (*Tiger at the Gates*, *The Long and the Short and the Tall*), later in American movies, where he portrayed a wide-ranging gallery of rogues. Among them: a sinister assassin in *From Russia with Love*, Henry VIII in *A Man for All Seasons*, a glowering Irish gangster in *The Sting* and, in his most popular role, the shark hunter Quint in *Jaws*.

**DIED. John J. Wrathall, 65,** President of Rhodesia, who served from 1964 to 1975 as his country's Finance Minister; of a heart attack; in Salisbury. One of Rhodesia's chief strategists in its fight against U.N. trade sanctions, the British-born Wrathall frequently lambasted London for participating in the embargo that followed his country's declaration of independence in 1965. Appointed to the figurehead presidency by Prime Minister Ian Smith in 1976, Wrathall had been expected to vacate his office at year's end, in favor of a black Rhodesian.

**DIED. F. van Wyck Mason, 76,** prolific and bestselling historical novelist (among his more than 60 books: *Three Harbours*, *Stars on the Sea*, *Cutlass Empire*); of a heart attack while swimming; near Southampton, Bermuda. A skilled storyteller especially interested in colonial and Civil War America, Mason embellished his complex plots with minute detail and romantic flourish. He also penned a popular series of tales of intrigue featuring Captain (later Major and Colonel) Hugh North, and during World War II served as chief military historian for Dwight Eisenhower's SHAEF command.

**DIED. Bruce Catton, 78,** pre-eminent Civil War historian and journalist who won a 1954 Pulitzer Prize for his first trilogy's concluding volume, *A Stillness at Appomattox*; in Frankfort, Mich. As a child, Catton listened to the yarns of Civil War veterans in his Michigan home town. A World War I veteran who pursued a peacetime career as a newspaperman, he tried to write a Civil War novel when he was 50. "I got 200 pages down, and it was awful," he recalled. "But the factual parts, where the armies were moving, when the battles were fought, that wasn't bad." He skimmed off the fiction, and the result was *Mr. Lincoln's Army*, the first of his 13 elegiac, historical summaries that re-create the Civil War in a sweep of colorful detail. Catton also worked as senior editor of the hardbound *American Heritage: The Magazine of History*.

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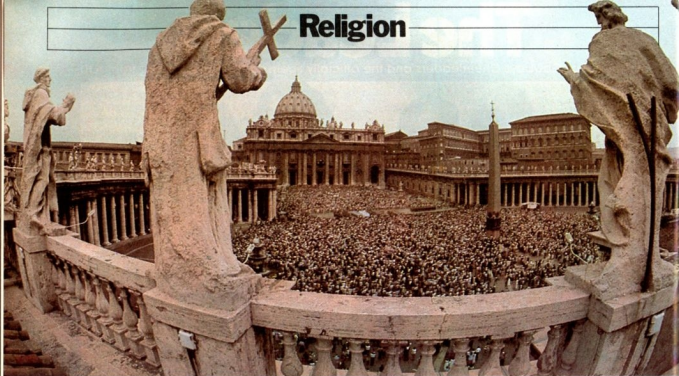
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Encircled by Bernini colonnades, 200,000 people greet the new Pope during blessing in St. Peter's Square

BERNARDI

## How Pope John Paul I Won

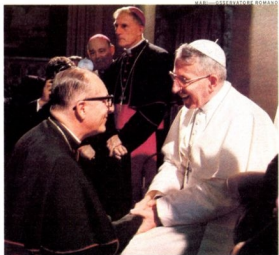
*The Cardinals knew what they wanted: a warm and humble man*

**S**eated at a table in front of the Sistine Chapel altar, the Cardinal solemnly intoned the name written on each ballot. "Luciani ... Luciani ... Luciani ..." Beside him sat two other Cardinal *scrutatores* (vote counters) who carefully plucked the ballots from a silver chalice, unfolded them and passed them to their colleague. It was the fourth and final ballot of the astonishing one-day conclave that gave the Catholic world its 263rd Pope: Albino Cardinal Luciani, 65, Patriarch of Venice.

As the counting went on, two Cardinals who had entered the conclave as favorites listened attentively. Both are highly placed in the Vatican's powerful bureaucracy, the Curia: Sergio Pignedoli, who sat just to the right of the altar, and Sebastiano Baggio, who sat just to the left. But the name that kept resounding toward the shadowy ceiling of the chapel belonged to no seasoned veteran of the Curia. It belonged to a Cardinal who had never drafted documents from the dry heart of the Vatican at all, or served overseas in the papal diplomatic service. He had, in fact, only rarely been outside Italy in his life.

The waiting world was sur-

prised, then pleased by the new Pope, a lifelong pastor and teacher who seemed to show a rare blend of strength and humility, a fine gift for words, a reassuring balance between kindness and worldly practicality. But how had he come to be chosen? And why? Had some kind of secret combine among the Princes of the



John Paul I greets Cardinals after election

*Dispensing with the customary papal "we."*

Church brought Luciani to the fore? Or a compromise that, despite formal assertions of happiness, really left nobody happy?

Often the answers to such questions have remained locked in mystery, protected by the wall of secrecy that attends the conclave, the vows of silence taken by the Cardinals as they enter and are sealed from the outside world. But after this conclave—perhaps out of sheer exuberance over the results—a number of participants proved talkative, and TIME's

Jordan Bonfante and Roland Flaminio have pieced together much of the story of the proceedings in the Sistine Chapel. It is clear that Luciani came to power through no accident, but as a result of a spontaneous consensus that evolved from three agreements reached during the lengthy pre-conclave period that followed the death of Pope Paul VI on Aug. 6.

Probably half of the 111 Cardinal-electors went into the conclave still undecided. But most were fairly convinced that the Pope would, once again, have to be an Italian. Even many Asians and Africans, whose numbers are growing and whose concerns often differ from their brother Cardinals in Europe and the New World, conceded that an Italian was needed to handle the delicate role the papacy still must play in Italy's uncertain politics. Beyond that some Cardinals feared that

any non-Italian might give a threatening new tilt to the Vatican.

The second consensus, resisted to the end by some members of the Curia, was that the church, whatever its farflung political and administrative problems, needed a pastoral Pope. "It is one thing to interpret the faith and another to convey it to the people in the parishes," said one ranking Curia prelate. "That is something that the bishops—whatever their theology—understand better than the Curialists at their little desks."

Explained another Cardinal: "I think all of us had agreed in our own minds before the conclave that we needed to go back to a humble, pastoral man, although we did not really consult each other about it. And then, when we went in, it became clear to us that this was what we wanted." The third consensus, in the words of still another participant, was that the new Pope be "not obvious, and not controversial."

That left the field exceptionally wide open, and as the Cardinals chatted among themselves in the Apostolic Palace after they had been sealed in for the duration of the conclave on Aug. 25, nobody could guess how the vote would go.

But by Saturday morning, when the conclave opened in an atmosphere of high tension, the true contest already lay between two groups of Italians, the well-known Curialists Baggio, Pignedoli and Paolo Bertoli, and the "pastoral" archbishops. By process of elimination the pastoral choices soon narrowed down to Giuseppe Siri, 72, of Genoa, Corrado Ursi, 70, of Naples, and Luciani. Siri had the backing of the unequivocal right-wingers, and for that very reason failed to attract a broader base. Ursi lacked the stature and popularity of the other two. And there was Luciani, a man not actively disliked by anyone, and actively liked by everyone who really knew him.

On the first ballot the votes were hopelessly dispersed among a broad scattering of realistic as well as throwaway names. By the second, taken right afterward, the lines began to grow clear. No non-Italian figured prominently on the tally sheet that each Cardinal marked as the names were called out. No Italian had anywhere near the necessary 75 votes (two-thirds of the conclave plus one). Nor did any have a discernible lead. But the main competition seemed to be between the principal Curial and pastoral candidates.

At noon the two sets of ballots, skewered on a long needle and string like a kind of combined ecclesiastical shishkebab and necklace, were thrust into the chapel stove along with black chemical flares to send up a dark "no Pope" signal

to the waiting crowds in St. Peter's Square. But the flue above the stove was broken, and black smoke seeped through the chapel, partially obscuring Michelangelo's famous frescoes. For a quarter of an hour, the assembled Cardinals coughed, covered their mouths and rubbed their eyes until two windows were opened to clear the air. As the Cardinals broke for lunch, walking to the Pontifical Hall in the palace's Borgia apartments, intense discussions were under way.

On the third ballot, at 4:30—after a traditional Roman siesta—Luciani burst to the fore, falling just short of a majority.



The new Pontiff's first speech from St. Peter's balcony. Instead of thrones and tiaras, a solemn Mass.

"At that point," Luciani explained later with a smile, "it began to get dangerous for me." Cardinals Willebrands of The Netherlands and Ribeiro of Portugal, sitting on either side of him, leaned toward him. Whispered one: "Courage. If the Lord gives a burden, he also gives the strength to carry it." Whispered the other: "The whole world prays for the new Pope."

The main resistance came from a bloc of ultraconservatives who favored Siri, a fact that encouraged fence sitters to swing to Luciani. So the fourth and final vote was fast—and was speeded further by the Cardinals' decision to dispense with the

ritual declarations that were required during the earlier sessions as each man deposited his ballot in the chalice. As the count went on, no other name but Luciani's was read out. There were a number of blank ballots cast by Curialist and conservative bitter-enders. But roughly 90 votes went to Luciani, and Vatican Radio described his election as "virtually by acclamation." When Luciani went over the 75 mark, such ringing applause echoed in the chapel that a Swiss Guard posted outside was startled. He looked at his watch: 6:05 p.m.

The chapel door was opened and eight conclave aides entered to accompany Jean Cardinal Villot, the church's Camerlengo or chamberlain, to the flustered Luciani, who was still seated in his place under a fresco of the baptism of Christ. The Camerlengo, his face wreathed in smiles, asked the ritual question: "Do you accept your canonical election as Supreme Pontiff?" Luciani at first replied, "May God forgive you for what you have done in my regard." Then he gave his assent. "Accepto," and announced the name he had chosen for himself as the new Pope: *Ioannes Paulus*. The choice immediately stirred pleased comments among the Cardinals.

After the singing of the *Te Deum* of thanksgiving, the new Pope was escorted to the sacristy to don his temporary papal robes. He reappeared in a white cassock with a shoulder-length cape and a high white sash. Grinning happily, he took the throne that had been erected in front of the altar, and the joyful Cardinals approached one by one to embrace him and to kiss the papal ring. John Paul I had a word for many of them. "Holy Father, thank you for having said yes," said Belgium's Leo Jozef Suenens. Replied the Pope: "Perhaps it would have been better if I had said no."

A number of Cardinals were so exuberant at the election of the new Pontiff that they rushed up to the stove themselves and stuffed in their personal notes and tally sheets, igniting the paper with black flares. A white signal had already gone up, but now the Cardinalist enthusiasm caused the chimney to belch bursts of black and gray smoke, keeping the crowd in St. Peter's Square guessing for the hour it took for John Paul to make his first appearance.

In the happy—and hot—atmosphere of the chapel, the Cardinals loosened their clerical collars and unbuttoned their mozzettas (episcopal capes). The Pope kept the Cardinals in conclave overnight, and the informal mood continued through dinner that evening as the new Pope took his previously assigned place at the table with the other Cardinals.

# Songs of a "Poor Wren"

"If I hadn't been a bishop, I would have wanted to be a journalist." Albino Luciani once told an interviewer. Throughout his lifetime the new Pope has been a man of words, written and spoken, in sermons and interviews, in dozens of articles and several books. The samples below reveal a man with profound conservative instincts but a light touch and a sense of humor. They also show that, despite a parochial career, John Paul I has wide cultural interests:

**TERRORISM** After terrorists kidnaped Christian Democratic Leader Aldo Moro earlier this year, Cardinal Luciani told a newspaper that "the negation of God" was at the root of social distress. "Tear God out of man's heart? Tell children that sin is only a fairy tale invented by their grandparents to make them behave? Print school textbooks that ignore God and deride authority? Then don't become amazed at what's happening. It's already an effort for those who believe in God to remain honest. Just imagine how it is if one no longer believes in God."

**COMMUNISM** When Italy's Communist leader, Enrico Berlinguer, made a peace bid to the church last October, Luciani wrote: "At the time of Fascism people said, 'The difference between the Soviets and the Fascists is that if you have five cows, the Soviets take four and leave you one. The Fascists leave you all the cows, but they come and milk them all.' I'm afraid that tomorrow we'll be able to say something similar: 'The Communists of the Soviet Union rob you of almost all your freedom. The Italian Communists promise to leave you all of it, but in reality it's not so.'"

**DIVORCE** "I think that matrimonial love is giving of oneself to another, but so intimate and noble, so loyal and trustful, that in a way it claims everything, and in another it excludes everyone. That love is a decapitated love if we admit reservations, a temporary nature, and rescindability. So that divorce is the sword of Damocles hanging over conjugal love: its presence generates uncertainty, fear, suspicion."

**EDUCATION** In his 1949 book *Catechism in Crumbs*, offering advice to religious educators, Luciani wrote: "Michelangelo was asked, How do you produce statues that are so full of life? He responded: The marble already contains the statues; it is just a matter of extracting them. Like marble, children are rough material: you can extract gentlemen, heroes, even saints." Last year Luciani publicly opposed the proposed new concordat between the Vatican and Italy because it would remove compulsory religion classes from public schools: "By decapitating religious culture, will we not decapitate culture as well?"

Over the years Luciani has written many whimsical "letters" to past personalities, real and fictional, which were collected in a 1976 book put out by the St. Anthony Messenger Press called *Illustissimi* (The Most Illustrious Ones).

**To Sir Walter Scott** "Honor to the Scotsman and the creator of the clean historical novel. I repeat it sincerely,

though I have small reservations about the arrows shot here and there against the Catholic Church." He extols the "courage and loyalty" in Scott's novels and expresses "astonishment that despite today's deluge of morally degrading literature, young people are still drawn to them."

**To Charles Dickens** Luciani informs Dickens that he liked his novels as a boy because "they are imbued with a sense of love for the poor and of social regeneration, and are rich with fantasy and humanity." He would like to see these ideas "broadened and adapted" for all poor people, nations and individuals alike, particularly for "the poor Third World countries."

**To Pinocchio** (describing what it is like to be a youth today): "You will feel the need to establish your own ego. You will feel the need to be accepted by your peer group. Whatever they wear, you will wear. While you will be anticonformist in many things, you will be without realizing it a 100% conformist. Some people advocate a more permissive morality. But young people mustn't accept that permissiveness. Their love should be love with a capital 'L,' and it should be beautiful like a flower, precious like a

jewel, and not vulgar like the bottom of a dirty glass."

**To Carlo Goldoni** (comparing the 18th century Venetian playwright's *The Boors* with Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*): "Shakespeare's Katherina is 'tamed' by hunger and weariness, but in *The Boors*, the reverse is true. The husbands start out as the 'tammers' and end up 'tamed.' They have to admit that wives and daughters should not be tamed, but listened to. Between your play and Shakespeare's, I prefer yours, dear Goldoni. Yours is more human, more just, closer to the reality of both then and today—even if your feminism seems pale compared to today's."

**To Mark Twain** "I fear that the faithful of my diocese would be scandalized: 'A bishop who

quotes Mark Twain!' Perhaps one should explain to them that just as books vary from one to the other, so too do bishops. Some bishops, in fact, resemble eagles, who sail loftily with solemn documents. Others are nightingales who marvelously sing the praises of the Lord. Others, instead, are poor wrens, who only twitter as they seek to express a few thoughts on extremely profound subjects. I, dear Twain, belong to the latter category."

**To St. Bernard of Clairvaux** Recalling the saint's letter of advice concerning which candidate to vote for in a conclave, Luciani writes: "The first is a saint? Let him pray for us. The second is learned? Let him edify us and write a few erudite books. The third is a man of prudence? Let him govern us. Let him become Pope."

**To Jesus Christ** "Dear Jesus. I have received some criticism. People have said: 'He is a bishop, a Cardinal. He has been busy writing letters in all directions. To Mark Twain. To Péguy and who knows to how many others. And not even one line to Jesus Christ.' But you know that I try to maintain a continuous conversation with you... I take comfort in the thought that the important thing is not for one person to write to Christ but for many people to love and emulate him. Fortunately, despite everything, this still occurs today."



Making an appeal for help and prayer  
A whimsical scholar with a gift for words.

# 'I know why I smoke.'

"There's only one reason I ever smoked. Good taste.

"So when I switched to low tar, I wasn't about to give that up. If you don't smoke for taste what else is there?

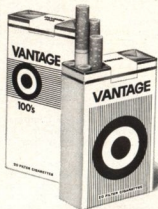
"But there was all that talk about tar.

"Unfortunately, most low tar cigarettes tasted like nothing. Then I tried Vantage.

"Vantage gives me the taste I enjoy. And the low tar I've been looking for."

*Vince Dougherty*

Vince Dougherty  
Philadelphia, Pa.



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Rome did not get its first real look at this engagingly humble man until the next day, when 200,000 people filled St. Peter's Square for the weekly Sunday noon blessing. John Paul spoke for seven minutes, dispensing with the Papal "we," brimming with good nature, bringing forth an adoring roar. "Let us understand each other," he told the crowd. "I do not have the wisdom of heart of Pope John, nor the preparation and culture of Pope Paul. However, now I am in their place and must try to help the church. I hope you will help me with your prayers." A GREAT POPULAR PERSONALITY, headlined Milan's normally austere *Corriere della Sera*.

What manner of man was this new world celebrity? The week brought forth the first crop of Luciani stories: the schoolboy in the foothills of the Dolomite Alps playing hookey to catch birds, the farm boy doing chores barefoot to save shoe leather for his poor family, the young seminary professor devouring books during his two sojourns in a tuberculosis sanatorium.

The Pope's brother Edoardo, a retired schoolteacher, told how Albino grew up, "torn between the devil and holy water," his mother a devout Catholic, his father an itinerant laborer who spouted an old-fashioned anticlerical socialism. In one of the few sour comments on Luciani's election, an 80-year-old man in his native village of Canale d'Agordo grumbled: "It's a scandal, this election of this Pope. He's a very good man, but his father burned crucifixes in his stove."

**M**aybe, but the father also gave permission for Albino to enter minor seminary at eleven. After that he spent his entire career in the schools and rectories of northeastern Italy. So valuable was he to the faculty of the seminary at Belluno—where he taught for ten years—that he won a Vatican dispensation to earn degrees (with honors) at Rome's Pontifical Gregorian University by taking exams without attending a single class.

The new Pope gave a glimpse of his personal style with the plans for his Sept. 3 open-air accession ceremonies. At his direction it was not called a "coronation" or even a scaled-down "enthronement," but simply a "solemn Mass to mark the start of his ministry as Supreme Pastor." John Paul asked not to be carried on the usual portable throne but to walk in procession. Most significant, he did not wish to be crowned with the triple-decked, beehive-shaped tiara. Instead, a pallium, the white woolen stole symbolizing his title of Patriarch of the West, would be placed on his shoulders.

The record seemed to show a man of prudence and patience, a scholar with a

certain sense of humor, a priest full of humility and candor. But how would the Cardinal's qualities prove out when tested by the intricacies of church policy? During his years in Venice, parish priests found him open-minded, but unwilling to budge a millimeter when doctrine was at stake. "He is a hardliner on orthodoxy," says the religion editor of Venice's leading daily. Luciani has been hostile to the worker-priest movement and to many

dard practice. His own choices will be made later, gradually.

Though the Pope underscored "collegiality" (power-sharing in the church), he is no ecclesiastical democrat. After the third international Synod of Bishops in 1971 he scolded those who say that body is a parliament. "The fathers are not a legislative or decision-making assembly," he said, "but rather a consultative one for the Pope." Last year he said, "Christ himself—and not the grass roots—confers authority on the Pope and the bishops, also specifying in what way to exercise."

**I**n his inaugural address to the Cardinals last week, John Paul pledged to carry forward the work of the Second Vatican Council, convened by Pope John XXIII in 1962 and concluded by Paul in 1965. He would, he said, put a "priority" on the ongoing revision of the canon law codes. Last year, however, the then Cardinal Luciani commented on this project: "With Montesquieu, we must say, 'The laws need to be touched with trembling hands.'"

The inaugural speech showed moments of eloquence: "The danger for modern man is that he would reduce the earth to a desert, the person to an automaton, brotherly love to planned collectivization. The church, admirably yet lovingly protesting against such 'achievements,' intends, rather, to safeguard the world that thirsts for a life of love from dangers that would attack it."

The speech also put a noteworthy emphasis on ecumenism, the search for unity between the world's 700 million Roman Catholics and 400 million other Christians. This could be one of the crucial symbolic issues of John Paul's pontificate, and it is an area on which his thinking is unknown. In the same speech he vowed that he would pursue unity "without diluting doctrine but, at the same time, without hesitation." Still, the new Pope's thinking on steps toward reunion is unknown.

The crucial decisions of John Paul on these and other issues defy easy prediction. Whatever his instincts, the Pope is in some sense still the "prisoner of the Vatican," where visions of change are so often circumscribed by tradition—and realism. On the day after the election, the Pope's choice of names was, as it always is, regarded as one of the few indications of the tone of his pontificate. Much has been made of John Paul's double choice. Last week in Rome still more was being said on the subject. Remarkably, Belgium's Cardinal Suenens: "People will ask, 'Is he John or is he Paul?' He will be both in his own way. His manner is more John's, but it is like mixing oxygen and hydrogen—you get water, two different elements producing a third substance." ■



Strolling with his staff along a Vatican gallery

"People will ask, 'Is he John or is he Paul?'"

workers' Communist attitudes, but has defended their economic rights.

The new Pope's position on doctrine is likely to please the Curia, which could use some cheering up. As a senior Vatican prelate conceded, John Paul's election "was like a report card with a flunking grade for the Curia." Seeking to salve bruised Curial egos, the Pope observed in a midweek speech to the Cardinals about the Curia and the Vatican: "It is not difficult to recognize our inexperience in so delicate a sector of church life. We promise to treasure the suggestions that will come to us from our worthy co-workers." One of his first acts was to reappoint the heads of all major Vatican offices, a stan-

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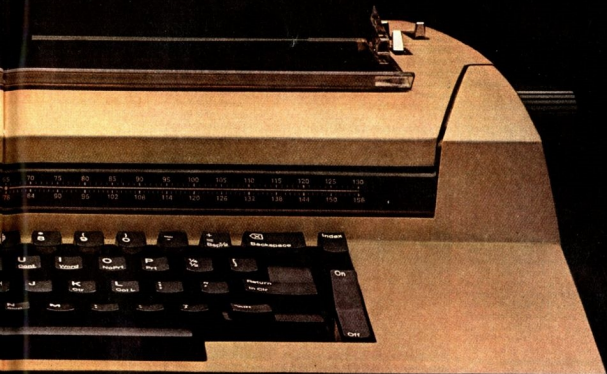
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# Cinema

## Vanities

A DREAM OF PASSION

Directed and Written by Jules Dassin

An aging actress portraying an aging actress: it is thought to be, especially by desperate people, one of the surest ploys in show biz. The great lady who undertakes the assignment is certain to be applauded for the honesty and bravery of her self-exposure, and since stars of a certain age are thought to combine volatility and vulnerability in a colorful way, the opportunities for bravura effects are endless. The opportunities for tedious egocentricity are there too—so much so in the case of Melina Mercouri, in this vehicle that her husband, Jules Dassin, has created for her, that the movie has the suffocating air of a vanity production.

Mercouri plays a fading film star who returns to her native Greece to appear in *Medea* and also in a TV film about her preparation for the role. As a publicity stunt she arranges to visit, in jail, an American woman (Ellen Burstyn) who, like *Medea*, has committed infanticide. What with a demanding rehearsal schedule and the raging and pouting she inflicts on her director and her entourage,

you would think the Mercouri character would have no time left to feel guilty about exploiting the half-mad murderess, but she does. Repeatedly she goes back into the prison to see Burstyn, allowing Dassin some cheap, melodramatic psychologizing about *Medea*.

But nothing very vital is added to anyone's understanding of that classic figure,

and Mercouri's performance in long scenes from *Medea* doesn't help much either. There is much eye rolling, teeth baring and anguished screeching, but no break in the clouds of self-absorption that always hover around her. Finally, the modern *Medea*'s story gets told, the play opens, and the picture ends, leaving the audience no wiser.

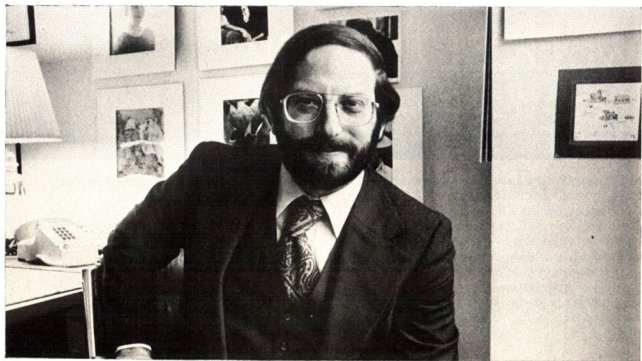


Melina Mercouri visits Ellen Burstyn in *A Dream of Passion*

Much eye rolling, teeth baring and anguished screeching.

## DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



Burstyn's understated performance as a simple, Bible-spouting woman driven crazy by her husband's philandering is the movie's single redeeming feature. Otherwise there is nothing emotionally or intellectually involving here. Unless, of course, one is interested in some "personal statements" about the state of the movie business, contemporary issues and the star and director themselves that they manage to tuck in along the way. It perhaps need not be added that these are of a piece with the rest of *A Dream of Passion*—awkward, pretentious and empty.

—Richard Schickel

## Silent Comedy

A SLAVE OF LOVE

Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov

Screenplay by Friedrich Gorenstein and Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky

**I**f *A Slave of Love* had been made in France, it would not hold too many surprises: the movie is yet another variation on that most imitated of film classics, Jean Renoir's *The Rules of the Game*. But *A Slave of Love* comes from the Soviet Union, not France, and that single fact casts the film in a startling light. It isn't often that the Soviets export movies that aim to be lyrical, sentimental and commercial. One could sooner imagine Universal Pictures releasing a musical remake



Yelena Solovey in *A Slave of Love*

Getting past the initial shock.

of Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky*—with or without Sensurround.

Once one gets past the initial shock, *A Slave of Love* proves to be a decent knockoff. Like Renoir's 1939 film, it offers a moving portrait of a society on the brink of convulsive change. Set just after the 1917 Revolution, the film takes place in pastoral Crimea, where a harried group of actors and moviemakers are trying to complete a frivolous silent melodrama. Hundreds of miles away, the government has fallen to the Bolsheviks, but the film company tries to go doggedly about its

business. Inevitably, *Slave's* characters discover that not even artists can hide from the onrushing forces of history.

There is much to admire in Director Nikita Mikhalkov's rendering of this tale. He has shot the movie in summery, impressionistic colors that well evoke the end of imperial Russia. His comic vignettes about the early days of his country's film industry are reminiscent of old-time Hollywood lore, right down to the portrayal of temperamental screenwriters and cost-conscious producers. *Slave* even has a character who is a Russian equivalent of American Silent-Era Star John Gilbert: a dashing leading man whose speaking voice is disconcertingly high-pitched.

Though the film's show-biz types remain ineffectual to the end, Mikhalkov refuses to poke fun at them. More often he is touched by their plight—especially that of Olga, the movie troupe's star actress. Olga barrels through real-life matters of love, death and conscience in the same florid manner as in her on-screen roles, yet she is more tragic than foolish. As played by Yelena Solovey, an actress of impressive range, this heroine's helpless indecisiveness sometimes achieves Chekhovian dimensions.

Unfortunately the film's screenplay could have used a little Chekhov—or Gorki—as well. Too many lines are overly explicit ("We're like children forgotten in the nursery of a house on fire"); others re-

## REID J. DAITZMAN

HOME: Stamford, Connecticut

AGE: 30

PROFESSION: Clinical psychologist

HOBBIES: Photography, poetry, jogging.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Naked and the Dead" by Norman Mailer

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Received the Social Issues Dissertation Award from the Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues for his investigation of the relationships between hormones and personality.

QUOTE: "The names given the different sciences are merely arbitrary divisions. The integration of all sciences should facilitate the potential that one day man will 'know thyself.'"

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## Cinema

call the parody of Woody Allen's *Love and Death* ("You are choked by boredom"). Mikhailov could also use some of Renoir's toughness of mind and poetic genius. *The Rules of the Game* dared to dissect contemporary France; *A Slave of Love* is essentially a safe nostalgia piece. Where Renoir merged theme, style and narrative into a seamless whole, Mikhailov must shift gears as his film moves among its various concerns. *A Slave of Love* is further afflicted by a dippy sound-track score, but such flaws are a real part of this picture's appeal. Somehow it is reassuring to know that the West does not have a monopoly on bourgeois film making, dippiness and all.

—Frank Rich

## Civil War

**A WOMAN AT HER WINDOW**  
Directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre  
Screenplay by Jorge Semprun

**T**he woman is the bored and elegant wife of a witty, philandering Italian diplomat stationed in Greece in 1936, when, as people used to say, the war clouds were gathering. What she sees from her window is a Communist on the run from a police roundup ordered by a new fascist dictatorship. What happens after he climbs through the window is that love



**Romy Schneider and Victor Lanoux in *Woman***  
*Linking romance and revolution.*

conquers the class barriers and she devises an elaborate stratagem to help him escape the country. Later, we are given to understand, she joins him and they both become martyrs to his cause after World War II begins.

A very simple story, though told with needless complexity. Yet it does have a certain charm. Romy Schneider is extraordinarily attractive as the woman,

and Victor Lanoux (of *Cousin, Cousine*) offers both stalwart charm and ideological reticence as the revolutionary. We are allowed to gather that what makes him more attractive than her husband, who is funnier and probably better company over the long haul, is that belief in something beyond oneself tends to make a fellow more exciting sexually. A dubious point, but sufficient for a movie which, like others written by Semprun (notably *La Guerre Est Finie*), insists that there is a link between the romantic and the revolutionary spirits. Since that is the only worthwhile humanistic argument for maintaining a rebellious posture, and certainly the only likable one, his pictures tend to have a worldly and rueful air that is appealing.

Granier-Deferre's talents perfectly suit that spirit. The textures of a period costume, the mood of a grand hotel or a diplomatic corps tennis tournament—these he dreamily recaptures for us in a way that gives the film its strangely innocent, almost wistful quality. How one wishes that the revolutionary politics of our age had actually been conducted with the elegance and civility depicted here. If only history had Granier-Deferre's good taste, and had kept the blood and violence offstage, so that the sound of the gramophone playing tangos had not been drowned out.

—R.S.



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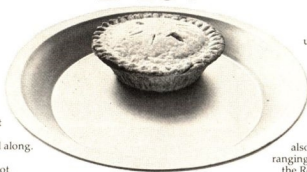
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universities are of world-wide repute. The atomic age was born under the grandstand at the University of Chicago's Stagg Field. And the "Chicago School" of architecture is legendary. Our cultural contributions also include religious leaders ranging from Dr. Martin Marty to the Rev. Jesse Jackson. Poets like Carl Sandburg. Writers like Nelson Algren, Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur. Benny Goodman set the world dancing. And Mahalia Jackson expressed the soul of her people in song. Politically, we've sent two presidents to Washington. One held our nation together, the other was the only general good enough to beat Robert E. Lee.

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## Glorious Commander

AMERICAN CAESAR: DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, 1880-1964  
by William Manchester; Little, Brown; 793 pages; \$15

**D**ouglas MacArthur is one of the major embarrassments of American history. On one hand he was, without quibble or question, a military genius of the rank of Alexander, Hannibal and Napoleon. On the other hand, as this flawed but fascinating biography makes clear, he could be one of the pettiest and most arrogant men ever to have worn the uniform of the U.S. Army.

MacArthur's strategies helped to win three wars, but foreigners often appreciated him more than his own countrymen. Winston Churchill spoke of him as "the glorious commander." To the Japanese, whom he outwitted at nearly every turn, he seemed endowed with almost superhuman powers. Yet Franklin Roosevelt privately labeled him one of the two most dangerous men in America (the other was Huey Long), and Harry Truman called him "a counterfeiter."

MacArthur was a man of maddening contradictions, half mamma's boy and half the warrior son of a warrior father. Arthur MacArthur was not yet 20 when he led a charge up Missionary Ridge in the Civil War, an action that won him the Medal of Honor. He went on to fight Apaches in the West and Spaniards in the Philippines, which he subsequently administered as military governor. Temperamental and occasionally insubordinate, he was publicly rebuked by Teddy Roosevelt for predicting war with Germany. "Arthur MacArthur," his aide later said, "was the most flamboyantly egotistical man I had ever seen, until I met his son."

Mary Pinkney ("Pinky") MacArthur should have worn stars herself. Few mothers have fought harder for their sons than she fought for Douglas, or dominated them so completely. When he was about



MacArthur and mother at West Point, 1899

to take his exams for West Point, she gave him a pep talk that he never forgot: "You must believe in yourself, my son, or no one else will believe in you." Naturally, he passed and, just as naturally, his mother moved to Crane's Hotel near his dormitory, where for four years she could see the lamp in her son's window and tell whether he was doing his homework.

He was, of course. Only two other cadets, one of them Robert E. Lee, had ever received higher grades at the Point. His contemporaries regarded him with awe, and pictures from the time show why. Lean and handsome, with a beak-like nose, he radiated confidence and authority. But peacetime Army life made MacArthur restless and insubordinate. "It's the orders you disobey that

### Excerpt

**"**In his braided cap, pausing to relight his corn-cob from time to time, he once more made a conspicuous target. A Nambu opened up. He didn't even duck. As he strolled about, inspecting four damaged landing craft and looking for the 24th Division's command post, with the diminutive [Carlos] Romulo skipping to catch up, [General George] Kenney heard the General murmur to himself: 'This is what I dreamed about.' Kenney thought it was more like a nightmare. He could hear the taunts of enemy soldiers, speaking that broken English which was so familiar to soldiers and Marines in the Pacific: 'Surrender, all is resistless!' and 'How are your machine guns feeling today?' and 'F.D.R. eat shit!' The airman heard a G.I. crouched behind a coconut log gasp: 'Hey, there's General MacArthur!' Without turning to look, the G.I. beside him drawled, 'Oh, yeah? And I suppose he's got Eleanor Roosevelt along with him.' Apparently enemy soldiers were just as incredulous. After the war [Tomoyuki] Yamashita said that despite mounting evidence to the contrary, he couldn't believe that MacArthur was really there on that first day of the invasion. **"**

make you famous," he told one officer.

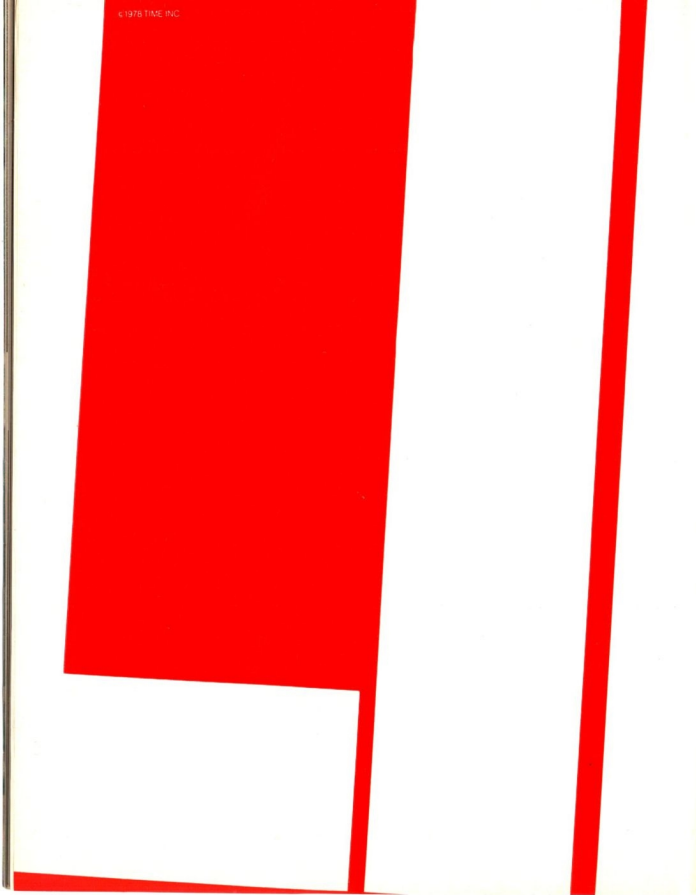
World War I gave him his chance, and he distinguished himself as second-in-command of the famous Rainbow Division. He had already begun to disregard dress regulations. He walked through the trenches in riding breeches, a turtle-neck sweater, and a 4-ft.-long muffler knitted by his mother. The doughboys, unlike the G.I.s a generation later, adored him and called him "the fighting dude."



Landing on Luzon, 1945, as U.S. forces liberate the Philippines; with President Truman on Wake Island, 1950

The genius of Hannibal and Napoleon, the style of a fighting dude and the contradictions of a mamma's boy and a warrior's son.



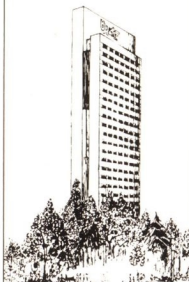


The background of the entire page is white. It is decorated with several large, solid red geometric shapes. A prominent shape on the left side is a large, irregular polygon that resembles a stylized letter 'L' or a thick, jagged line. To its right, there are two smaller, separate red rectangular shapes, one positioned higher than the other. The overall aesthetic is minimalist and modern.

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**Books**

After the war MacArthur returned to West Point as one of its most innovative superintendents. At the age of 42 he married; seven years later he was divorced. He did a tour of duty in the Philippines, and then, in 1930 he became Army Chief of Staff in Washington. It was a post his father had sought but never received. Two years later, MacArthur ordered the forcible eviction of hungry veterans, the "bonus marchers," from their Washington encampment, a totally unnecessary action that only left anger and bitterness. He also began to speak of himself with such third-person grandiloquence as, "MacArthur has decided to go into active command in the field. There is incipient revolution in the air."

In fact, the only revolution turned out to be the New Deal, and Roosevelt's brain-trusters regarded MacArthur with as much suspicion as he did them. After leaving the office of Chief of Staff in 1935, he retired from the U.S. Army and took on the job of whipping into shape the largely nonexistent army in the Philippines, which were being prepared for independence from the U.S. So far as anyone, including himself, could see, the job was a dead end.

Japan's belligerence revived MacArthur's career. A few months before Pearl Harbor, a worried Roosevelt placed him in charge of U.S. as well as native troops in the islands. Washington refused his pleas for more men, but sent dozens of B-17s and P-40s that it thought might discourage a Japanese attack. Nine crucial hours after he heard of the attack on Pearl Harbor, Imperial bombers destroyed most of the planes while they were still sitting on their runways, wing to wing. MacArthur's failure to heed the warning of Pearl Harbor and to save his planes was perhaps the greatest blunder of his career. It remains unexplained to this day. He followed that mistake by neglecting to move the stockpiles of food he had in other parts of the Philippines to the Bataan peninsula, where he planned to make his final stand. It was a costly error; the Bataan defenders succumbed to hunger as much as to the Japanese.

After that, however, MacArthur did everything right. Though he never received more than 12% of the Americans sent abroad, he almost immediately put the Japanese on the defensive. He was very cautious with the lives of his men. From the time he left the Philippines until he reconquered them two years later, his troops suffered fewer than 28,000 casualties; by contrast, 72,000 Americans fell at the Anzio landings in Italy. Proclaimed MacArthur: "I will not take by sacrifice what I can achieve by strategy."

The Japanese were a savage foe. As MacArthur prepared to liberate his beloved Manila, Tojo's troops strapped hospital patients to their beds and then set the buildings on fire. They raped and killed women of all ages, and, according

to Manchester, gouged out the eyes of babies. All told, 100,000 Filipinos were murdered. Yet when he took charge of occupation forces in Japan, emperor in all but name, MacArthur showed himself to be magnificently generous. The Japanese never had a more enlightened ruler. He rebuilt Japan along liberal lines. He helped draft a democratic constitution, gave the vote to women and broke up ancient land holdings.

When his third war broke out in Korea, MacArthur was 70, but he took vigorous charge of United Nations forces. He engineered the Inchon landings behind the enemy's lines, one of the most startlingly successful maneuvers of all time. He then recklessly and arrogantly pressed his luck. Despite repeated warning signs from Peking, he pushed U.S. troops up to



**MacArthur reviews troops in occupied Japan**  
*A generous emperor in all but name.*

the Manchurian border. Massed Chinese soldiers intervened and drove U.N. troops into a bitter winter retreat. The war was needlessly widened at the very moment that victory was in sight.

Manchester argues that Truman was not quite the decisive leader hagiographers claim, and that he shares the blame for the Chinese invasion. But when MacArthur repeatedly defied his orders from Washington, the President had only one choice: to relieve him of command.

"Old soldiers never die. They just fade away," MacArthur emotionally told a joint session of Congress when he returned. He did gradually fade away, although he served for a time as chairman of Remington Rand (later Sperry Rand) and occupied a plush apartment in Manhattan's Waldorf Towers, which he shared with his second wife, Jean, and his son, Arthur. He was not ordinarily given to candor about himself, but a few

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years before he died in 1964, he gave some indication of what it had been like to be Douglas MacArthur. "My mother put too much pressure on me," he said. "Being No. 1 is the loneliest job in the world."

His is a dramatic, often melodramatic, story. Manchester, a meticulous researcher, marshals all the necessary facts with fairness and perception. Unfortunately, he plods heavily, sometimes grotesquely, through his material. "Korea," he writes in one instance, "hangs like a lumpy phallus between the sprawling thighs of Manchuria and the Sea of Japan." Yet *American Caesar* succeeds despite such lapses. Fourteen years after his death, MacArthur still provides an inexhaustible story of a hero and those who worshiped and reviled him.

— **Gerald Clarke**

## Patterns

**THIS HOUSE OF SKY: LANDSCAPES OF A WESTERN MIND**

by **Ivan Doig**  
*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*  
314 pages; \$9.95

*Soon before daybreak on my sixth birthday, my mother's breathing wheezed more raggedly than ever, then quieted. And then stopped.*

*The remembering begins out of that new silence. Through the time since, I reach back along my father's tellings and around the urgings which would have me face about and forget, to feel into these oldest shadows for the first sudden edge of it all.*

**T**hese opening words of *This House of Sky* whisper up a big promise. They say, on top of all else, that a real writer is at hand. Yet the bright prospect may, at the outset, seem at odds with the vehicle he has chosen for his first book: a personal memoir. The form, after all, is notorious for snaring even gifted writers in thickets of anecdote and sentiment.

Ivan Doig avoids such traps. Exercising a talent at once robust and sensitive, he redeems the promise of those first fetching sentences. His mother's final breath came in a remote Montana place where "a low rumple of the mountain knolls itself up watchfully, and atop it, like a sentry box over the frontier between the sly creek and the prodding meadow, perches our single-room herding cabin." They were, he and his parents, "secure as hawks with wind under our wings."

Then came "that fierce season of bewilderment," and suddenly there were only two breathings in the cabin. The boy's world was filled entirely with a ghost and a father who would for a long time remain "in the dusk of his grief" over the loss of a wife when she was only 31. The father was short, wiry, horse-stomped, work-scarred, a ranch hand, a sheep tender, a survivor of scratch-hard mountain life who cherished the few years he and his bride had followed their flocks among

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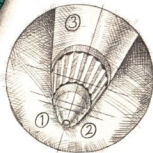
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Author Ivan Doig at family home in Montana  
*Remembering a secret and peopleless land.*

the timeless hills. He faced life with a "dry half-grin" and wore for good a scar on his chin—"a single quick notch at the bottom of his face, as if it might be the first lightest scratch of calamity." And now—

"The clockless mountain summers were over for my father. Forty-four years old, a ranch hand, now a widower, Charlie Doig had a son to raise by himself. He needed work which would last beyond a quick season. He had to fit us under a roof somewhere, choose a town where I could start to school, piece out in his own mind just how we were going to live from then on. It tells most about my father over the next years that I was the only one of those predicaments that ever seemed to grow easier for him."

In his telling of it, Doig lifts what might have been marginally engaging reminiscence into an engrossing and moving recovery of an obscure human struggle. There is defeat and triumph here, grief and joy, nobility and meanness, all arising from commonplace events, episodes and locales. The narrative rides mainly upon the father, but another protagonist of the book is memory itself. Moments from the chastening region of southwestern Montana haunt Doig:

"Rote moments, these, mysterious perhaps in themselves. It is where they lead, and with what fateful truth and deceit, that tantalizes. If, somewhere beneath the blood, the past must beat in me to make a rhythm of survival for itself—to go on as this half-life which echoes as a second pulse inside the ticking moments of my existence—if this is what must be, why is the pattern of remembered instants so uneven, so gapped and rutted and plunging and soaring? I can only believe it is because memory takes its pattern from the earliest moments in the mind, from childhood."

## Books

Thus does he offer, as the title says, the landscapes of a Western mind. Strange—his remembering, like any well-told story, makes events seem as though they happened long ago, or in some timeless place. A reader may be surprised now and then when the book brings a reminder that the author was born only in 1939 and grew up in contemporary Montana. Still, Ivan Doig's youth is good news. An ex-newspaperman living in Seattle, he has a lot of time remaining in which to remember and write.

—Frank Trippett

## Editors' Choice

**FICTION:** A Good School, Richard Yates • Final Payments, Mary Gordon • Innocent Eréndira and Other Stories, Gabriel García Márquez • Shosha, Isaac Bashevis Singer • The Execution of Mayor Yin, Chen Jo-hsi • The World According to Garp, John Irving

**NONFICTION:** Ezra Pound in Italy, edited by Gianfranco Ivanich, photographs by Vittorio Contino Montaillo: The Promised Land of Error, Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie People of the Lake, Richard E. Leakey and Roger Lewin • Robert Kennedy and His Times, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. • The Gulag Archipelago III, Alexander Solzhenitsyn • The Illusion of Technique, William Barrett • The Snow Leopard, Peter Matthiessen

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

1. Chesapeake, Michener (1 last week)
2. Eye of the Needle, Follett (3)
3. Scruples, Krantz (2)
4. Evergreen, Plain (4)
5. Bloodline, Sheldon (8)
6. The Holcroft Covenant, Ludlum (5)
7. The World According to Garp, Irving (6)
8. The Last Convertible, Myrer (7)
9. Stained Glass, Buckley (10)
10. The Women's Room, French (9)

### NONFICTION

1. If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries —What Am I Doing in the Pits?, Bombeck (1)
2. The Complete Book of Running, Fixx (2)
3. A Time for Truth, Simon (4)
4. My Mother/My Self, Friday (5)
5. Pulling Your Own Strings, Dyer (3)
6. In Search of History, White (6)
7. Gnomes, Huygen & Poorvliet (8)
8. The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need, Tobias
9. Adrien Arpel's 3-Week Crash Makeover/Shapeover Beauty Program, Arpel with Ebenstein (9)
10. Wheeling and Dealing, Baker with King

## Helping Hand for the Newborn

*A bold experiment in regional care reduces infant mortality*

**M**ary Herrera, a Glendora, Calif., housewife, had long been discouraged from having babies. She had undergone open-heart surgery at age 8, and the physicians feared that her heart might not be able to withstand the strain of pregnancy. Yet, at 31, she has just given birth to her second child at Los Angeles County Harbor General Hospital. The infant boy weighs only 2 lbs. and is being kept in an incubator, but he is given a good chance to survive. Says Herrera of her doctors and nurses: "They're doing a fantastic job. They really are."

► Mary Drumm, 32, of Erie, Pa., and her husband are self-confessed "baby freaks." Though they have two children of their own and have adopted three others, they wanted still more. But Mary has had three miscarriages, possibly because of blood disorders. So when she became pregnant again, she decided that "we're not just going to sit back and lose another baby." Now, she has given birth to a 7-lb. girl at the University Hospitals of Cleveland. While the baby may still need an exchange transfusion, mother and daughter should be discharged shortly.

► When Shirley Aranda, 34, of Phoenix, lost her first child shortly after birth, doctors found she had a congenital uterine problem. In the past, they might have dissuaded her from becoming pregnant again. Instead they performed corrective surgery and encouraged her to try once more. Twice she gave birth—once to a baby weighing only 1 lb. 13 oz. Both infants survived and are now, at ages 5 and 2½, healthy, normal youngsters.

Such difficult, yet successful pregnancies are no longer unusual—thanks to better medical understanding, new drugs and such sophisticated monitoring and screening techniques as ultrasonics and amniocentesis. Yet while the U.S. helped start this revolution in perinatal and neonatal\* care, it still lags behind a dozen other countries in infant-survival rates. To help solve this problem, the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation of Princeton, N.J., allocated \$20 million for a five-year experiment that established or expanded eight regional networks



**Forcing air into preemie's lungs**

*Success despite difficulties.*

—three in California, two in New York and one each in Ohio, Texas and Arizona. All deliver specialized care for high-risk pregnancies, that is, those that pose danger to mother or child.

Such pregnancies are disturbingly common. Of 3.1 million babies born in the U.S. each year, nearly 30,000 do not survive their first week. Many are born prematurely and weigh less than 5½ lbs. Another 20,000 die in the uterus late in pregnancy. While the number of doctors and nurses with the skills needed to deal with such cases is growing, they are often situated at scattered medical centers not easily accessible to women and infants who most need them.

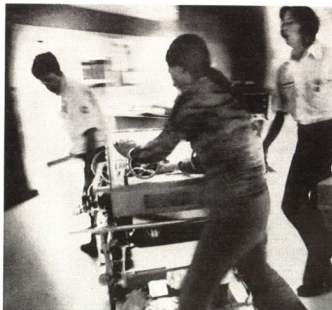
Now entering its fourth year, the experiment seeks to correct those inequities at a reasonable cost. Each network may consist of several hospitals and cover a

population area with tens of thousands of births a year. Each also has one or more fully staffed and equipped regional perinatal centers, complete with neonatal intensive care units for very tiny and very weak infants. The key to the system's success is to identify and treat women, while they are still pregnant, who are likely to have preemies or sickly babies, rather than rushing the problem infants to the centers after birth. Participating physicians conduct coordinated screening programs, looking especially for women with histories of problem pregnancies, hypertension, diabetes, kidney disease and alcohol or drug abuse, all of whom are likely to be high-risk patients. Common communications and transportation facilities help ensure quick response in crises.

**T**he program seems to be succeeding. Infant mortality rates have declined in each of the regions served by the project. At New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, the hub of a 16-hospital network in Manhattan and New Jersey that handles 16,000 births a year, the incidence of stillbirths, and deaths within seven days of life in infants weighing 2.2 lbs. or more has dropped from 22.8 per thousand births in 1967 to 9.6 per thousand in 1977. Many of these problem births were from the Harlem ghetto, and Administrator Dr. Solan Chao points out that quite a few of the high-risk patients were drug addicts or alcoholics who had not been to a doctor for prenatal care. The Los Angeles networks face a similar situation, caring for a largely black and Chicano population. Yet infant mortality has also plummeted.

Perhaps the most unusual network is Arizona's. Covering all 114,000 sq. mi. of the state, it relies on airplanes, helicopters and ambulances to ferry patients, some of them rural Indians, to perinatal centers. Nearly 1,200 women have been transported in the last 2½ years, and more than 60% of the babies born needed intensive care.

Though regionalization saves lives, a newborn's stay in an intensive care unit can run into tens of thousands of dollars. Balanced against this is the nearly \$1 million it can cost over a lifetime to support a child handicapped in birth, or the incalculable emotional toll on the family with a dead baby. Declares the director of the Ohio network, Cleveland's Dr. Irwin Merkatz: "Regionalization is the cheapest new advance in medicine that we've ever had."



**Rushing newborn in portable incubator to New Orleans hospital**

*Everything from planes and choppers to ambulances.*

\*Perinatal refers to the period before, during and just after birth; neonatal to early infancy.



## Running a Good Thing into the Ground

The face is familiar—eyes bobbing, mouth agape, puffing like a locomotive. There are so many of them in the U.S., maybe 25 million. They may seem like more, since they turn up everywhere: on walkways and city plazas, along bridges and expressways, even in the once hushed corridors of office buildings. America, in short, has become overrun with runners running every which way, including off at the mouth. Not surprisingly, running is now running into a snippy backlash.

Generally Americans have been as hospitable to running as to previous fads. Runners have been cursed less than skateboarders, derided less than Hula-Hoopers and never thought as silly as some of their forefathers—flagpole sitters, for instance, or danceathoners. To this day runners are cordially tolerated, except where they generate traffic problems or preachy conversations about running. Even when they do their little ritual exercises in public—trying to push down trees or walls and stretching their legs into disagreeable shapes—even then they are looked upon not as often with aversion as with amazement.

Still, every craze sooner or later begins to bloat with self-importance; then it incites, along with ennui, a certain peevishness and skepticism among outsiders. Running is no exception. Superannuated as a fad, running is beginning to express itself more and more in the tongues of a subculture. Thus antirunning feeling, apart from that expressed by spouses and families of devout marathoners, has been turning up more and more in the public prints.

Recently *Saturday Review* flaunted a complaint titled "Jogging Mania—Enough Already!" Art Buchwald proposed a mileage tax on runners, and New York *Daily News* Humorist Gerald Nachman whimsically reviewed *The Complete Book of Lollygagging*—a title not precisely the same as that of Jim Fixx's bestselling rhapsody on running. Russell Baker, the *Boston Globe*, the *Washington Post*, the *Christian Science Monitor*—all have joined in a spirited backlashathon.

Executive Editor Morton Kondracke of the *New Republic* ventilated his suspicion that the backlash is incited by "a few columnists and freelance writers trying to earn a bit." Yet even he confessed to being put off when a friend learned he was a runner and asked: "Have you experienced euphoria?" No, Kondracke replied. Indeed, he himself admits to complaints "against jogger profiteers"—authors, magazine publishers, dealers in running gear, even some doctors who treat running injuries. Thus, perhaps inadvertently, he joined the backlashers.

The critics take their main inspiration from a recently formed cadre of zealous upper-case runners. True Runners, these. They imagine that their activity sets them apart from and generally above the rest of humanity. Many come forth sounding as though they have been Zenned and Esalened and Rolfed and Primal Screamed into a state of exaltation hitherto achieved only by beings who talk to birds or turn miscerant wives into salt.

Consider: *Marathoner*, one of a proliferation of periodicals, calls marathoning "the Holy Grail" that runners "exhaust themselves struggling for." Bob Anderson, editor of the semimonthly *On the Run*, goes further: "Someone once said, 'For humanity

to survive, it will have to invent a new religion.' The religion has been invented. It is the religion of the runner." Such high-flying rhetoric is common among True Runners.

George Sheehan, a New Jersey cardiologist often called the "high priest" of running, is archetypical. In *Dr. Sheehan on Running* he promulgates the notion of the runner as a special subspecies of human, a person gifted not only with better lungs and heart but with superior spirituality. Alas, superiority carries penalties. Sheehan feels the runner is specially susceptible to the meanness of an envious society. "Why," he asks, "is the runner a lightning rod for the anger and aggression and violence of others?" And Sheehan answers himself: "The runner puts himself above the law, above society. And men in gangs and crowds and mobs know this and react accordingly." Sheehan intones: "The runner knows of man's inhumanity to man firsthand."

This sort of folderol should provoke more belly laughs than backlash. In the real world, the runner does not attract nearly as much popular aggression as, say, the elderly, subway riders, politicians, cops, solitary pedestrian women or even journalists. The reasons are not hard to find. Moving targets offer little appeal to vandals. People who appear to be carrying nothing more negotiable than vigorous health are hardly patsies for muggers. No matter what their charm in repose, few runners going at full grunt offer a vision apt to incite any but the most dedicated molester. Finally, running has yet to produce an idea worth the kind of attack that citizens regularly launch against politicians, economists or entertainers.

Granted, runners suffer some hurts from the world's random meanness along with the exotic injuries they inflict on themselves. And a few have been victimized by motorists and other malicious non-runners. Yet nothing vindicates any image of runners as humanity's special victims—or the most exemplary form of human beings ever. At the rate they are going they may win, by more than a nose, the crown as smuggest.

Since True Runners run, as the high priest Sheehan puts it, "not because we feel better but because we don't care how we feel," it is surprising that such spartans have even *felt* the backlash. Yet the September issue of *Runner's World* gives over an entire page to an elaborate whine about those who have begun to "dump on running." And the premier October issue of *The Runner* similarly devotes a whole page to a feature column, "Biting the Backlash." In it, Runner-Writer Colman McCarthy mourns that his fellow treaders "are being knocked, mocked and socked." He prescribes a strategy for runners in the face of backlash. They should enjoy the derisive jokes, he says, and then more or less retreat metaphysically into their own misunderstood superiority. Toward that end he commends to them a line from T.S. Eliot: "In a world of fugitives, the person taking the opposite direction will appear to run away." Evidently True Runners are feeling the needle—but without getting the point. It is, simply enough, that granted their direction, the theologians of this ancient activity are well on the way to running right into the ground.

—Frank Trippett

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